In this Number Robert C. Ogden *on* The Ethics of Modern Retailing

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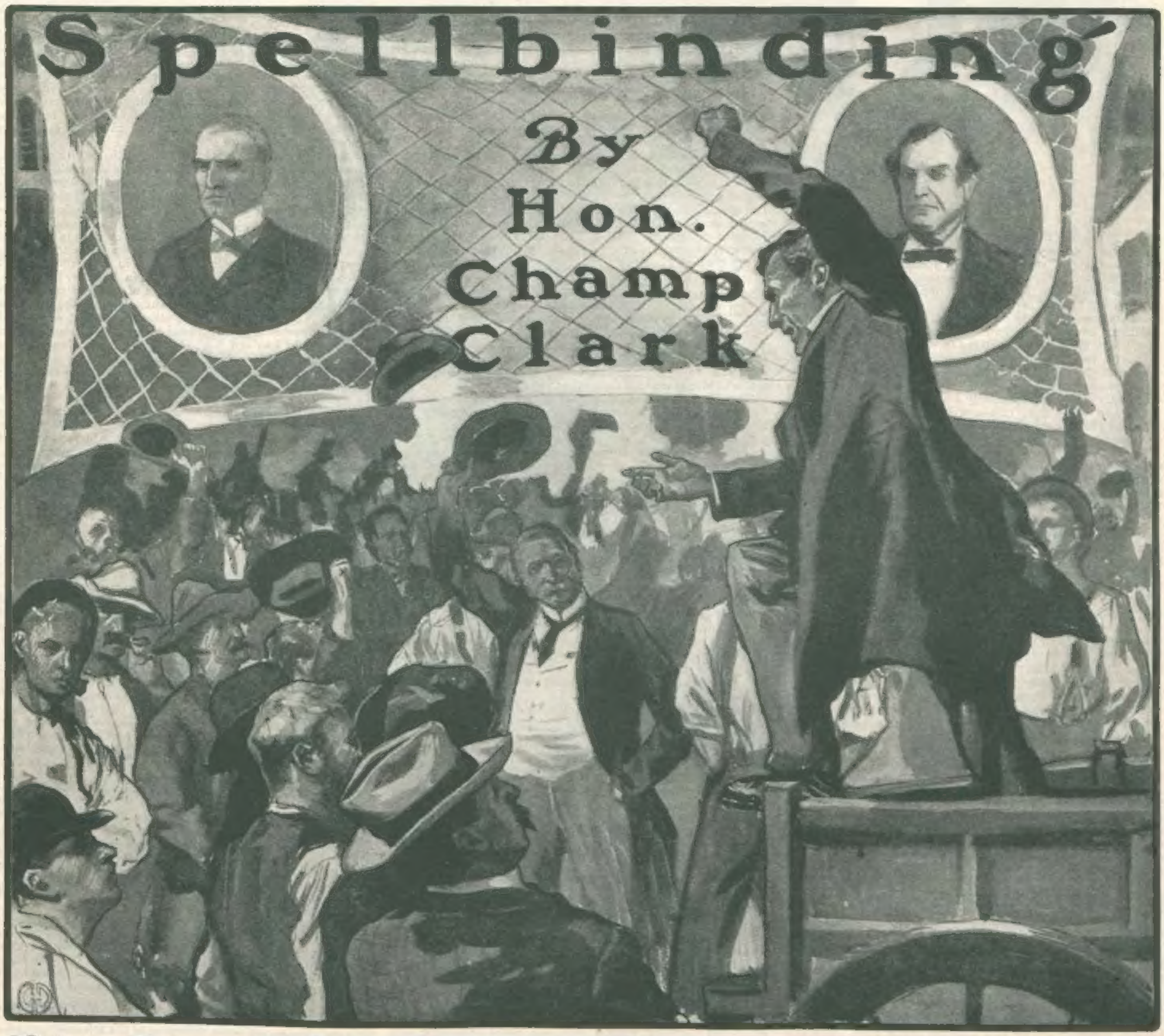

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Spellbinders and Spellbinding

By Hon. Champ Clark

TO MY mind, the terms "spellbinders" and "spellbinding" convey something of reproach, of disparagement. Of course, "stump speakers" and "stump speaking" are really the subjects intended. A nobler theme it would be difficult to find; for stump speaking is perhaps the highest branch of oratory, and in the ranks of stump speakers are found the names of all the genuine orators in American annals, from Patrick Henry to Denis Kearney—from the intellectual kings to the intellectual *sansculottes*.

Indeed, the glory of stump speaking far antedates the discovery of Columbus. For instance, Mark Antony's great stump speech, in the guise of a funeral oration over Cæsar's dead body—for that's precisely what it was, a stump speech—changed the history of the world for centuries, by overthrowing the Republic of Brutus and establishing the Empire of Octavius Cæsar.

Mark's great masterpiece remained the most ingenious speech delivered in this world until General James A. Garfield nominated himself at Chicago, in 1880, while going through the form of nominating John Sherman, and until William Jennings Bryan broke into the charmed and select circle of the immortals by that wondrous speech, in 1896, which served the double purpose of forcing the adoption of a national platform and securing a Presidential nomination for himself.

When I was a child, back in the hill country of Kentucky, I heard a backwoodsman say:

"When a man is in his cups the ruling passion is manifest. When an Englishman is drunk he wants to punch somebody's head at fisticuffs; an Irishman wants to crack a skull with a shillalah; a German longs for music; a Frenchman desires to dance; but an American—what does he want to do? Invariably, to make a speech."

That may be crude philosophy, but it is the old *in vino veritas* in another form, and it contains a grain of truth. Every American is not only a possible orator, but he desires to exercise his gift. To prove that this last statement is not so extravagant as at first blush might appear, I will relate an incident.

When the famous Gridiron Club made its celebrated Christmas excursion to Charleston, South Carolina, as the guest of a Southern railroad, it took along as its guests Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Senator Benjamin R. Tillman and myself to furnish the oratory—though I have no sort of doubt that, had it not been for their incorrigible modesty, there were several members of the club who could have double discounted any of the three in the exercise of the divine art of moving men's minds and hearts by spoken words.

General Grant Wanted to be an Orator

Senator Depew—the most delightful raconteur in the world—who is well acquainted with everybody and who knows everything, declared that the ambition is inherent in every man to do that which he cannot do; and to prove that theory he cited the astounding example of General Ulysses Simpson Grant, who, according to Depew, esteemed his towering military reputation very lightly, but was consumed with a vain desire to stand in history side by side with Demosthenes and Cicero, Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox, Mirabeau and Daniel Webster.

Senator Depew thought that Grant never could have become, under any circumstances whatsoever, an acceptable public speaker. I differ from that conclusion *toto cælo*, and believe that any man who could make such excellent epigrams as Grant made could have become a most effective public speaker.

The fact that the gift of public speaking is well-nigh universal in America and that we frequently entertain orators unawares was thoroughly demonstrated in the phenomenal campaign of 1896. Of the many bewildering features of that seismic period of our politics, the most amazing was this: while most of the popular and illustrious Democratic orators supported General Palmer or Major McKinley, we did not feel their loss to any appreciable degree. New and unheard-of orators suddenly arose, like Roderick Dhu's men from the heather, and they sprang into the arena full-armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. That marvelous manifestation of general oratorical capacity among Americans is well worthy the attention of philosophers, psychologists and linguists.

So thoroughly convinced am I of the universality of the oratorical faculty among my countrymen, that I feel absolutely certain that if all our orators of renown were to die today, the stump would be occupied in a month by new men with voices as sonorous and with eloquence as soul-stirring as those whose witchery is now acknowledged.

Macaulay speaks of parliamentary oratory as being a species by itself. So is stump speaking. Because a man excels in speaking in court, in the Senate or in the House, is no evidence that he will surpass his fellows on the stump, and *vice versa*. Of course, the same man may shine as a star of the first magnitude in all these places—but he would indeed be *rara avis*.

Some candid and critical observers contend that service in Congress—particularly in the Senate—unfits a man, measurably at least, for stump speaking.

My father, who was an omnivorous reader and an intense admirer of Stephen A. Douglas, repeatedly told me when I was a tiny chap that the "Little Giant" fell off as a stumper just in proportion to his length of Senatorial service, and yet it was in his latter days that stump speaking in America and in the world reached its high-water mark in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, which filled the world with their acclaim and which constituted the preface to "The Bloodiest Chapter in the Book of Time."

The Greatest of All Stump Speakers

Barring the historic interest of those debates and the results appertaining to them, I doubt very much if two such intellectual Titans, so unlike in mental equipment, and yet, considering their *tout ensemble*, so evenly matched, ever did or ever will, any more forever, engage in the luxury of stump debate. That series of stump debates marked an epoch in our annals.

The ideal stump speaker possesses a commanding presence, wealth of learning, power of statement, ready wit, abundant humor, capacity for repartee, leonine courage, personal magnetism, persuasive eloquence, unfailing good nature, inexhaustible patience, honesty of purpose, the courage of his convictions, adaptability to circumstances and perfect tact. Above all, he must be able to read the human face divine.

Such a man is irresistible He sways the multitude as with a magician's wand. He appears among men only at rare intervals, and when he does appear he fails of the Presidency of the Republic—the goal of all American statesmen—the *Ultima Thule*, the *ne plus ultra* of human ambition—if he fail at all—simply because the limitations of time and human endurance do not permit him to speak to enough people to control a majority of votes in the Electoral College.

Perhaps Henry Clay came as near to being the ideal stumper as any man that ever lived, and the reasons why he failed to reach the White House were that he was pitted against the most popular and successful military chieftain of that age in his earlier contests, and that he could not see, shake hands with and personally address the majority of his fellow-citizens in his later races.

The first spellbinders of note that I ever saw were General Thomas E. Bramlette, candidate for Governor of Kentucky, and Colonel John Marshall Harlan, now Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, then candidate for Attorney-General of the "Dark and Bloody Ground." That was in 1863.

General Bramlette also possessed the first pair of eyeglasses (hooked on the nose without ear straps) that I ever saw. He was a widower, in the very prime of life—a large, handsome, courtly, dignified gentleman. When he arose to speak he adjusted his glasses upon his aquiline nose, looked at the audience with a bland smile and said:

"I hope the ladies will not consider my heart as old as my eyes are." I thought then and think now that that was one of the neatest *mots* ever uttered.

Judge Harlan was quite a young man then, but his intellectual superiority to his chief was perfectly apparent even to me, though only "a chunk of a boy." So, when I went home that night with my youthful noggin chock full of politics, I interrogated my father as to why Harlan was not running for Governor and Bramlette for Attorney-General.

I was in my salad days and was green enough to suppose that merit and merit alone was the foundation for political rank. What an ideal but unreal world I had been living in up to the morning when I saw and heard Bramlette and Harlan! My father, in a kindly way, explained to me how accident, geography, management, combination, manipulation and inexorable necessity sometimes—indeed, not infrequently—crowd the superior man to the rear or squeeze him clear out of the game and force the inferior one to the front, and how the latter may be the vote-getter. I was disenchanted. The scales fell from my eyes as suddenly as they fell from those of Saul of Tarsus as he journeyed from Jerusalem down to Damascus.

Presidents Who Ought to Have Been

It was my first lesson in politics and it was bitter. Somehow I wish I never had been disillusionized. I still grieve over the destruction of my boyish ideal and would rehabilitate it if I could. Sweet are the delusions of youth. Sometimes, even now, I amuse myself by going over the list of Presidents and figuring on how much the average might have been raised by substituting for the weak ones the greatest men of the parties to which they belonged—by changing men, not politics.

For example, put Henry Clay in place of the elder Harrison, Thomas H. Benton in place of James K. Polk, Daniel Webster in place of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore, Stephen A. Douglas in place of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, James G. Blaine in place of Rutherford B. Hayes, and so on to the end of the chapter. My boyish theory was right, if impracticable, and I am loth to relinquish it.

In that conversation, in 1863, my father kindly refrained from telling me how fraud and corruption too often undo the great intellectual giants in the contests of politics and bestow the coveted rewards upon those of humbler talents who were born under more propitious stars. He left me in happy ignorance for many years as to that disgraceful phase of our politics. Mayhap he did not himself know, for he was a theoretical, not a practical, politician, and all these things happened years ago—in 1863.

Any one seeing Mr. Justice Harlan, with his silk gown on, sitting in the greatest tribunal of the world, would scarcely believe, gazing upon his massive head and solemn countenance, that there ever was a day when he made not only the welkin but the woods ring, not only with logic and eloquence, but with wit, humor, banter, sarcasm and all that goes to make a tip-top stump speech. Yet such is the truth of history. I heard him with my own ears in Henry Isham's sugar grove, at Mackville, Kentucky, in July, 1863; and if anybody doubts that Mr. Justice Harlan is witty, humorous, sarcastic—that he is the very prince of story-tellers, though a spellbinder no longer—let him snuggle up to the Judge in the smoker of a sleeper or some other convenient place, and he will discover that the Judge would have been a great humorist if he had not come of a race of great lawyers and been predestined for a high career as a jurist.

That same year I learned my first lesson about spellbinders, and it was this: spellbinders do not always spellbind. Two men, Hughes and McIntyre, were candidates for County or Probate Judge—a lucrative and therefore desirable office in Kentucky. Hughes was one of the most flamboyant rhetoricians I ever heard—a tall, broad-shouldered, splendid Kentuckian—and he completely captured my boyish heart. Dan Hughes was my first political idol. He laid upon the multitude a wizard's spell. The crowd always yelled itself hoarse when Dan was up. I would have cheerfully bet my head on his election if I could have found a taker—which, luckily, I could not.

His opponent, McIntyre, was a decidedly slow coach as a speaker. He stammered, hemmed and hawed, and was generally silenced by the cat-calls of the enthusiastic Hughesites; but to my utter amazement and disgust, when the returns came in, McIntyre led the poll by a handsome majority. The tortoise had distanced the hare. I was crestfallen and in the dumps. I went to my father, a staunch advocate of Dan Hughes, to see if he could explain the catastrophe on any rational grounds. He did, right off the reel.

Organization May Defeat Fine Oratory

"Mr. Hughes," said he, "is a fine stump speaker, and depended on that alone to win votes. Mr. McIntyre is a very poor stumper, but he is an organizer, and whilst Hughes delighted the people with his oratory, McIntyre was organizing his forces."

That was the first I ever heard of political organizers. Carnot was "the organizer of victory." So was McIntyre, in a small way, upon a small field.

Mirabile dictu! After thirty-seven years, I do not remember a word uttered by my oratorical idol, Dan Hughes, in that campaign, so memorable to me, but I do recall this statement from the dumb and despised McIntyre:

"Ladies, I solicit your support. It is said that the man is the head of the family. If so, woman is the neck; and if the neck goes right the head must go right"—which now appears to me to have a goodly quantum of sense in it. At any rate McIntyre managed to get the office—the chief desideratum.

It so happened that I saw but one of the principal spellbinders of the last generation; but he was a prince among his fellows, a host within himself, the handsomest man I ever saw or ever expect to see, General John Cabel Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Long before I had the pleasure of gazing upon his martial form I asked my father what manner of man he

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Editor's Note—In this number of The Saturday Evening Post appears the first of two papers on campaigning and campaign methods. The second paper, Stumping in Old Missouri, will give anecdotes and reminiscences of the experiences of a spellbinder.

was. He answered: "He is tall, handsome, square-built. He has a head two stories and a half high." And so it was. He in very truth had,

> "The front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
> A station like the herald Mercury
> New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill—
> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

In 1868 I was a student at Kentucky University, at Lexington, when he returned from his European exile. With enraptured ear I heard him return thanks to his neighbors and friends for the cordiality of their reception. One sentence which fell from his lips I shall never forget while memory holds its sway. In describing himself he said:

"Politically, I am an extinct volcano!" and surely a sentence more graphic or more realistic never fell from human lips.

It required a great brain to coin such a Victor Hugo-ish sentence as that, and it required courage, audacity and a correct comprehension of the relation of things one to another to utter it. After beholding him in the flesh and hearing him for the space of five minutes I had no difficulty in determining why my father and other Kentuckians of that generation came so near worshiping John C. Breckinridge. He was a spellbinder, indeed.

I have heard but one other sentence as fine as the one quoted from Breckinridge, and that was uttered by another famous spellbinder, George H. Pendleton, of Ohio—popularly called "Gentleman George."

At the time General Phil Sheridan was pitching a Louisiana Legislature out of its chamber, at New Orleans, with the bayonet, I was a student at the Cincinnati Law School. There was a great meeting at the Grand Opera House to protest against "Little Phil's" action. Pendleton was the chief figure and held the centre of the stage. He was then in the prime of his splendid powers—powers equal to any position. Handsome as Apollo Belvidere, graceful as a fawn, with a wealth of brown, curly hair, with a voice sweet as an Æolian harp, he began his speech with this wondrous sentence:

"The applause of the people is the sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man."

What else he said I know not, care not. The man who can utter one sentence which a boy will carry around in his head for thirty-seven years, and which will always be an inspiration to him, is a spellbinder of marvelous power. I humbly and fervently thank God for such men.

THE GATE OF THE UPPER GARDEN

By S. R. Crockett

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AUTHOR OF THE STICKIT MINISTER, THE LILAC SUNBONNET, ETC.

FOR the first six months that Gibbie the Eel, otherwise the Reverend Gilbert Denholm, M. A., acted as "helper" to Dr. Simeon Girnigo in the parish of Rescobie, he was much pleased with himself. He laughed with his friend and classmate, Robertland, over the infatuation of the doctor's old-maid daughter. The parish, reading the situation like a book, also smiled broadly when the "helper" and Miss Jemima Girnigo were discerned on an opposite brae face, botanizing together, or, with heads bent over some doubtful bloom, stood silhouetted against the sunlit green of some glade in Knockandrew wood.

During this period Gibbie hugged himself upon his cleverness, but the time came when he began to have his doubts. What to him was a light-heart prank, an "Eel's trick," like his college jest of squirming secretly under classroom benches, was obviously no jest to this pale-eyed, sharp-featured maiden of one-and-forty.

Jemima Girnigo had never been truly young. Repressed and domineered over as a child, she had been suddenly promoted by her mother's death to the care of a household and the responsibility of training a bevy of younger brothers, all now out in the world and doing for themselves. Her life had grown arid and self-contained. She had nourished her soul on secret penances, setting herself hard household tasks, and doing with only one small, untaught, slatternly maid from the village, in order that her father might be able to assist his sons into careers. She read dry theology to mortify a taste for novels, and shut up her soul from intercourse with her equals, conscious, perhaps, that visitors would infallibly discover and laugh at her father's meannesses and peculiarities.

Only her flowers kept her soul sweet and a human heart beating within that buckram-and-whalebone fenced bosom.

Then, all suddenly, came Gilbert Denholm with his merry laugh, his light-heart ways (which she openly reproved, but secretly loved), his fair curls clustering about his brow, and his way of throwing back his head as if to shake them into place. Nothing so young, so winsome and so gay had ever set foot within that solemn *dreich* old manse. It was like a light-heart city beauty coming to change the life and disturb the melancholy of some stern, woman-despising hermit. But Jemima Girnigo's case was infinitely worse, in that she was a woman and the disturber of her peace little better than a foolish boy.

But Gilbert Denholm, kindly lad though he was, saw no harm. He was, he thought, impressing himself upon the parish. He was daily becoming more popular. No farmer's party was considered to be anything which wanted his ready wit and contagious merriment. Already there was talk among the Session of securing him as permanent assistant and successor. There were fair ways and clear sunlit vistas before Gilbert Denholm, and he liked his prospects all the better that he owed them to his own wit and knowledge of the world. He was a good preacher. He made what is called an excellent appearance in the pulpit. He did not "read." His fluency of utterance held even sleepy ploughmen in a state of blinking attention for the better part of an hour. Even Doctor Girnigo commended, and Gibbie, who had no more abundant or direct "spiritual gifts" than are the portion of most kind-hearted, well-brought-up Scottish youths, was unconscious of his lack of any higher qualifications for the ministry.

But Gibbie was like hundreds, aye thousands more, who break the bread and open unto men the Scriptures in all the churches. His office meant to him a career, not a call. His work was the expression of hearty, human good will to all men—and, so far, helpful and godlike; but he had never tasted sorrow, never drunken deeply of the cup of remorse.

Even Jemima Girnigo was a far better servant of God than the man who had spent seven years in preparation for that service. In the shut deeps of her heart there were locked up infinite treasures of self-sacrifice. Love was pitifully ready to look forth from those pale eyes at whose corners the crow's feet were already clutching. And so it came to pass that, knowing her folly (and yet, in a way, defying it), this old maid of forty-one loved the handsome youth of four-and-twenty, the only human love-compelling thing that had ever come into her sombre life.

Yet there were times when Jemima Girnigo's heart was bitter within her, even as there were seasons when the crowding years fell away and she seemed almost young and fair. Jemima had never been either very pretty or remarkably attractive, but now when the starved instincts of her lost youth awoke untimeously within her, she unconsciously smiled and tossed her head to the full.

It was all very pitiful. But Gibbie passed on his heedless way and saw not, neither recked of his going.

Yet a time came when his eyes were opened. A new paper mill had come to Rescobie, migrating from somewhere in the East country, where the Messrs. Coxon had had a serious quarrel with their ground landlord. From being a quiet hamlet the village of Rescobie began rapidly to put on the airs of a growing town. Tall houses of three stories, with many windows and outside stairs, usurped the place of little old-fashioned "but and bens." Red brick oblongs of mill frontage rose along the valley of the Rescobie Water, which, dammed and weired and carried in countless lades, changed the cheerful brown limpidity of its youthful stream for a frothy mud color below the mills.

The new immigrants were mostly a sedate and sober folk, as indeed nearly all paper-makers are. To the easy-going villagers their diligence seemed phenomenal. They were flocking into the mill gates by six in the morning. It was well-nigh six in the evening before the tide flowed back toward the village. Among the youths and men there were night-shift and day-shift, and a new and strange pallor began to pervade the street and show itself, carefully washed, in the Rescobie kirk. The village girls, finding that they could make themselves independent, took their places in the "finishing saal."

The increase of the congregation in the second year of Gilbert Denholm's assistantship compelled the Session to bethink themselves of some more permanent and satisfactory arrangement. Finally, after many private meetings they resolved to beard the lion in his den and lay before Doctor Girnigo the proposal that Gilbert should be officially called and ordained as the old man's "colleague and successor."

It was the ruling elder, called, after the name of his farm, Upper Balhaldie, who belled the cat and made the fateful proposition. In so doing that shrewd and cautious man was considered to have excelled himself. But Doctor Girnigo was far from being appeased.

"Sirs," he said, "I have been sole minister of the parish of Rescobie for forty years, and sole minister of it I shall die!"

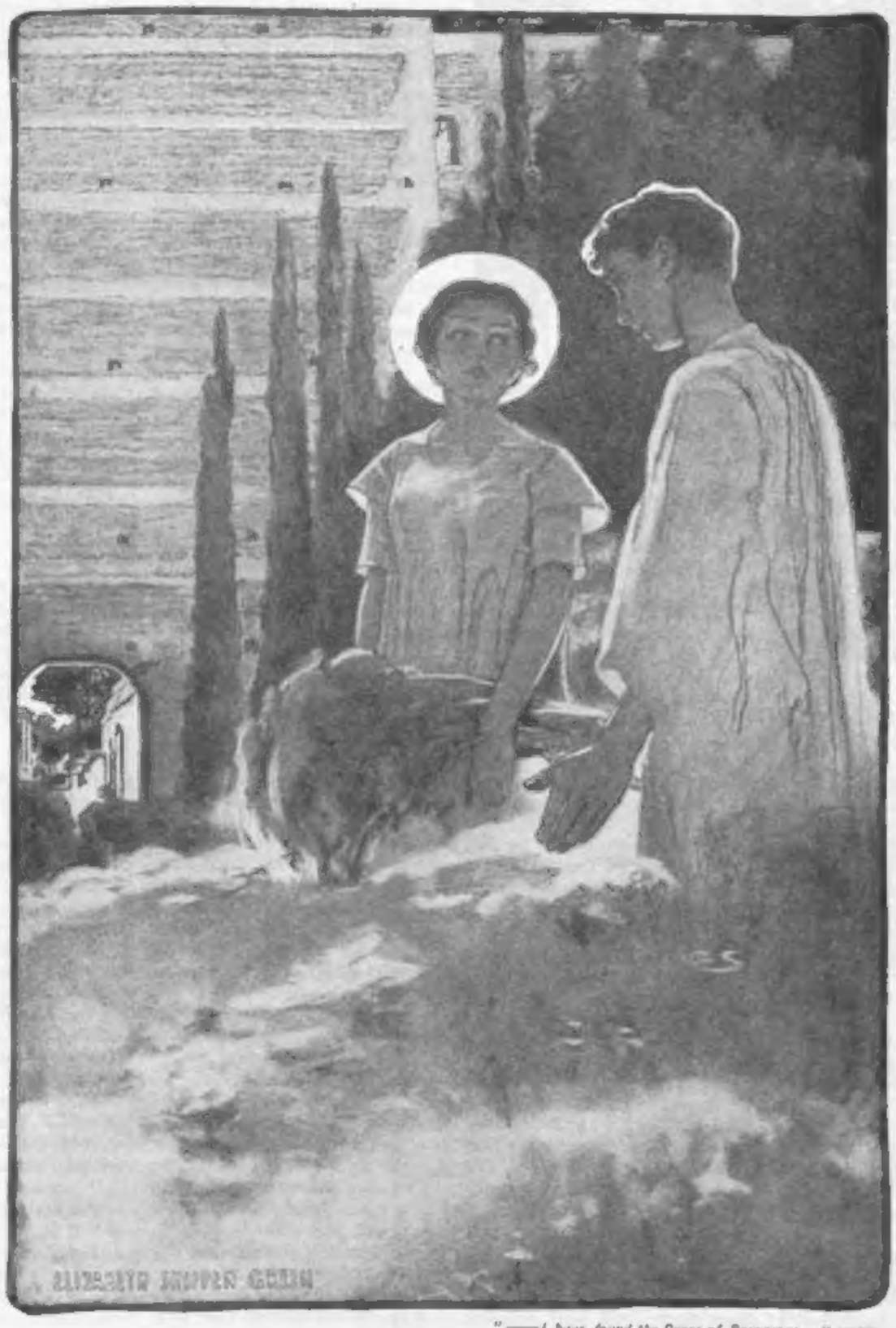
"Mr. Denholm will be to you as a son!" suggested Balhaldie.

"I have sons of my body," said the old minister, looking full at the quiet men before him, who sat on the edges of their several chairs fingering the brims of their hats; "did I make any of them a minister? Nay, sirs; because the parish of Rescobie has been so near my heart that I would not risk even the fruit of my body coming between me and it!"

"We have sounded Mr. Denholm," said Balhaldie, quietly ignoring the sentimental, "and you may rest assured that you will not be disturbed in your tenancy of the manse. Mr. Denholm has no thought at present of changing his condition and is quite content with his lodging—and an evident carfu' woman is his landlady, the doctor's weedow!"

Doctor Girnigo looked at his Session. They seemed to shrink before him. Nervousness quivered on their countenances. They tucked their heavily booted feet beneath the chairs on which they sat, to be out of the way. Surely such men could never oppose him.

But Doctor Girnigo knew better. Underneath that awkward exterior, in spite of those embarrassed manners, that



"——I have found the Grass of Parnassus. It grows by the Gate into the High Garden"

air of anxious self-effacement, Doctor Girnigo was well aware that there abode inflexible determination, shrewd common-sense and abounding humor—chiefly, however, of the ironic sort.

"Are ye all agreed on this?" he asked.

"I speak in name of the Session!" said Upper Balhaldie succinctly, looking around the circle. And as he looked each man nodded slightly, without, however, raising his eyes from the pattern on the worn study carpet.

The Doctor sighed a long sigh. He knew that at last his trial was come upon him, and nerved himself to meet it like a man.

"It is well," he said; "I shall offer no objection to the congregation calling Mr. Denholm, and I can only hope that he will serve you as faithfully as I have done! I wish you a very good day, gentlemen!"

And with these words the old minister went out, leaving the Session to find their way into the cold air as best they might.

The day after the interview between the Session and the Doctor, Gilbert Denholm called at the manse. He came bounding up the little manse avenue between the lilac and rhododendron bushes. Jemima Girnigo heard his foot long ere he had reached the porch. Nay, before he had set foot on the gravel she caught the click of the gate latch, which was loose and would open only one way. This Gibbie always forgot and rattled it fiercely till he remembered the trick of it.

Then when she heard the rat-tat-tat of Gibbie's ash-plant on the panels of the door she caught her hand to her heart and stood still surrounded by her plants.

"Perhaps he has come to——"

There was a bell, but Gibbie was always in too great a hurry to ring it.

"Perhaps he has come to——" She did not finish the sentence, but the blood, rising hotly to her poor withered cheeks, finished it for her.

"Oh, Miss Jemima," cried Gibbie, bursting in, "I came up to tell you first. I owe it all to you—every bit of it. They are going to call me to be colleague—and—and—we can botanize any amount. Isn't it glorious?"

He held her hand while he was speaking, and Jemima had been looking with hope into his frank, enkindled, boyish eyes. Her eyelids fell at his announcement.

"Yes," she faltered after a pause, "we can botanize!"

"And they wanted to know if I would like to have the manse—as if I would turn you out, who have been my best friend here ever since I came to Rescobie! Not very likely!"

Gilbert had an honest liking for Jemima Girnigo, a feeling, however, which was not in the least akin to love. Indeed, he would as soon have thought of marrying his grandmother, or any other of the relationships in the table of prohibited degrees printed at the beginning of the Authorized Version, which he looked at furtively when Doctor Girnigo was developing his "fourteenthly."

"You are happy where you are?" said Jemima, smiling a little wistfully.

"Oh, yes," cried Gibbie enthusiastically; "my landlady makes me perfectly comfortable. She thinks I am a lost soul, I am afraid, but in the meantime she comforts me with apples—first-rate they are in dumplings, too, I can tell you!"

While he spoke Jemima Girnigo was much absorbed over a plant in a remote corner, and more than one drop of an alien dew glistened upon its leaves ere she turned again to the window.

Gibbie's enthusiasm was a little damped by her seeming indifference.

"Are you not glad?" he asked anxiously; "I came to tell you first. I thought what good times we should have. We must go up to Barstobrick Hill for the parsley fern before it gets too late."

"Oh, yes," said Jemima Girnigo, holding out her hand, "I am very glad. No one is so glad as I—I want you to believe that!"

"Of course I do!" cried Gibbie; "you always were a good fellow, Jemima! We'll go up to Barstobrick to-morrow. Mind you are ready by nine. I have to be back for a meeting in the afternoon, early. It is a hungry place. Put some 'prog' in the vasculum!"

And as from the parlor window she watched him down the gravel, he turned around and wrote "9 A. M." in large letters on the gravel with his ash-plant, tossed his hand up at her in a gay salute, and was gone.

. . . . . .

But Gilbert Denholm and Jemima Girnigo did not climb Barstobrick for parsley fern on the morrow, and the "9 A.M." stood long plain upon the gravel as a monument of the frail and futile intents of man.

For before the morrow's morn had dawned there had fallen upon Rescobie the dreaded scourge of all paper-making villages. Virulent smallpox had broken out. There were already four undoubted cases, all emanating from the rag-house of Coxon's mills.

About the streets and close-mouths stood awestruck groups of girls, uncertain whether to go on with their work or return home. There was no horse-play among the lads of the day-shift as they went soberly millward with their cans. Grave elders, machinemen and engineers shook their heads and recalled the date at which (a fortnight before) a large consignment of Russian rags had been received and put in hand.

It was whispered, on what authority did not appear, that the disease was of the malignant "black" variety, and that all smitten must surely die. Fear ran swift and chilly up each outside staircase and entered unbidden every "land" in Rescobie. It was the first time such a terror had been in the village, and those who had opposed the settlement of the mills, staid praisers of ancient quiet, lifted their hands with something of jubilation mixed with their fear. "Verily, the judgment of God has fallen," they said, "even as in a night it fell on Babylon—as in fire and brimstone it had fallen upon the Cities of the Plain."

Doctor Girnigo retired to his study, feeling that if the Session had allowed him his own way things would not have been as they were. He had a sermon to write. So he mended a quill pen, took out his sermon-paper (small quarto ruled in blue) and set to work to improve the occasion. He said to himself that since the parish had now a young and active minister, it was good for Gilbert Denholm; to bear the yoke in his youth. And indeed none was readier for the work than that same Gilbert. He was shaving when his landlady, the doctor's widow, cried in the information through the panels of his closed door.

"Thank God," murmured Gibbie, "that I have none to mourn for me if I don't get through this!"

Then he thought of his father, but, as he well knew, that fine old Spartan was too staunch a fighter in the wars of grace to discourage his son from any duty, however dangerous. He thought next of—well, one or two girls he had known—and was glad now that it had gone no further.

He did not know yet what was involved in the outbreak or what might be demanded of him. Gilbert Denholm may have had few of the peculiar graces of spiritual religion, but he was a fine, manly, upstanding young fellow, and he resolved that he would do his duty as if he had been heading a rush of boarders or standing in the deadly imminent breach. More exactly, perhaps, he did not resolve at all. It never occurred to him that he could do anything else.

As soon as he had snatched a hasty breakfast and thrown on his coat he hurried up to the house of Doctor Durie. A plain, blunt man was John Durie—slim, pale, with keen dark eyes and a pointed black beard slightly touched with gray. The doctor was not at home. He had not been in all night and the maid did not know where he was to be found.

To the right-about went Gilbert, asking all and sundry as he went where and when they had seen the doctor. Thomas Kyle, with his back against the angle of the Railway Inn, averred that he had seen him "an 'oor syne gangin' gye fast into Betty McGrath's—but they say Betty is deid or this!" he added somewhat irrelevantly. Chairles Simson, tilting his bonnet over his brows in order to scratch his head in a new and attractive spot, deponed that about ten minutes before he had noticed the tails o' the doctor's coat "gaun roond the Mill-lands' corner like stoor on a windy day."

Gibbie tried Betty McGrath's first. Yes, Doctor Durie had been there and had ordered everybody out except the sick woman, who was tossing on her truckle bed, calling on the Virgin and all the saints in a shrill Galway dialect, and her daughter Bridget, a heavy-featured girl of twenty, who stood disconsolately looking out of the window as if hope had wholly forsaken her heart.

Gibbie inquired if the doctor had been there.

"Oh, yes," said Bridget, "as ye may see if ye'll be troubled lookin' in the corner. He tore down all thim curtains off the box-bed. It'll break the ould woman's heart, that it will, if ever the craitur gets over this."

At the door Gibbie met Father Phil Kavannah, a tall young man with honest peasant's eyes and a humorous mouth.

"You and I, surr, will have to see this through between us," said Father Phil, grasping his hand.

"It is a bad business," responded Gilbert; "I fear it will run through the mills."

"Worse than ye think," said the priest very gravely, "ten times worse—three-fourths of the workers have no relatives here, and there will be no one to nurse them. They've talked lashin's about the new village hospital, and raised all Tippernry about where it was to stand and what it was to cost, but that's all that's done about it yet."

Gilbert whistled a bar of Annie Laurie, which he kept for emergencies.

"Well," he said slowly, "it will be like serving a Sunday-school picnic with half a loaf and one jar of marmalade—but we'll just need to see how far we can go around!"

"Right!" said Father Phil with a wave of his hand as he stood with his fingers on the latch of Betty McGrath's door.

Gilbert found the doctor in the great "saal" at the mills. He had his coat off and was scraping at bared arms for dear life. At each door stood a pair of stalwart sentinels, and several hundred mill workers were grouped about talking in low-voiced clusters. Only here and there one more diligent than the rest, or with quieter nerves, deftly passed sheets of white paper from hand to hand as if performing a conjuring trick.

The doctor spied Gilbert as he entered. They were excellent friends. "Man," he cried across the great room, looking down again instantly to his work, "run up to the surgery for another tube of vaccine like this. It is in B cabinet, shelf 6. And as you come back, wire for half a dozen more. You know where I get them!"

And Gilbert sped upon his first errand. After that he deserted his own lodgings, and he and Doctor Durie took hasty and informal meals when they could snatch a moment from work. Sundry cold edibles stood permanently on the doctor's oaken sideboard, and of these Gilbert and his temporary host partook without sitting down. Then on a couch, or more often on a few rugs thrown on the floor, one or the other would snatch a hurried sleep.

There were twenty-six cases on Saturday—fifty-eight by the middle of the following week. Within the same period nine had terminated fatally, and there were others who could not possibly recover. Nurses came in from the great city hospitals as they could be spared, but the demand far exceeded the supply, and Gilbert was indefatigable. Yet his laugh was cheery as ever, and even the delirious would start into some faint consciousness of pleasure at the sound of his voice.

But one day the young minister awoke with a racking head, a burning body, a dry throat, and the chill of ice in his bones.

"This is nothing—I will work it off," said Gibbie. And, getting up, he dressed with haste and went out without touching food. The thought of eating was abhorrent to him. Nevertheless he did his work all the forenoon, and went here and there with medicine and necessaries. He relieved a nurse who had been two nights on duty, while she slept for six hours. Then after that he set off home to catch Doctor Durie before he could be out again. For he had heard his host come in and throw himself down on the couch while he was dressing.

As he passed the front of Rescobie Manse he looked up to wave a hand to Jemima, as he never forgot to do. Her father was still "indisposed," and Miss Girnigo was understood to be taking care of him. Yes, there she was among her flowers, and Gibbie, hardly knowing what he did, being light-headed and racked with pain, openly kissed his hand to her in sight of half a score of Rescobie windows.

Then, his feet somehow tangling themselves and his knees failing him, he fell all his length in the hot dust of the highway.

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When Gilbert Denholm came to himself he found a white-capped nurse sitting by the window of a room he had never before seen. There was a smell of disinfectants all about, which somehow seemed to have followed him through all the boundless interstellar spaces across which he had been wandering.

"Where am I?" said Gibbie, as the nurse came toward the bed. "I have not seen Betty McGrath this morning, and I promised Father Phil that I would."

"You must not ask questions," said the nurse quietly. "Doctor Durie will soon be here."

And after that with a curious readiness Gibbie slipped back into a drowsy dream of gathering flowers with Jemima Girnigo. But somehow it was another Jemima—so young she seemed, so fair. Crisp curls glanced beneath her hat brim. Young blood mantled in changeful blushes on her cheeks. Her pale eyes, which had always been a little watery, were now blue and bright as a mountain tarn on a day without clouds. He had never seen so fair a thing.

"Jemima," he said, or seemed to himself to say, "what is the matter with you? You are different somehow."

"It is all because you love me, Gilbert," she answered, and smiled up at him. "Ever since you told me that I have grown younger every hour. And, do you know, I have found the Grass of Parnassus at last. It grows by the Gate into the High Garden."

. . . . . .

"Hello, Denholm, clothed and in your right mind, eh? That's right!"

It was the cheerful voice of his friend, Doctor Durie, as he stood by Gibbie's bedside.

"What has been the matter with me, Durie?" said Gilbert, though in his heart he knew.

"You have had bad smallpox, my boy, and have had a hot chance to find out whether you have been speaking the truth in your sermons."

Gibbie could hardly bring his lips to frame the next question. He was far from vain, but to a young man the thought was a terrible one.

"Shall I be much disfigured?"

"Oh, a dimple or two—nothing to mar you on your marriage day. You have been well looked after."

"You have saved my life, doctor."

And Gibbie strove to reach a feeble hand outward, which, however, the doctor did not seem to see.

"Not I—you owe that to some one else."

"The nurse who went out just now?" queried Gibbie.

"No, she has just been here a few days, after all danger had passed."

Gilbert strove to rise on his elbow and the red flushed his poor face.

The doctor restrained him with a strong and gentle hand.

"Lie back," he said, "or I will go away and tell you nothing."

He sat down by the bedside and with a soft sponge touched the convalescent's brow. As he did so he spoke in a low and meditative tone as though he had been talking to himself.

"There was once a foolish young man who thought that he could take twenty shillings out of a purse into which he had only put half a sovereign. He fell down one day on the street. A woman carried him in and nursed him through a fortnight's delirium. A woman caught him as he ran, with only a blanket about him, to drown himself in the Black Pool of Rescobie Water. Night and day she watched him, sleepless, without weariness, without murmuring——"

"And this woman—who saved my life—what was—her name?"

Gibbie's voice was very hoarse.

"Jemima Girnigo!" said the doctor, sinking his voice also to a whisper.

"Where is she?—I want to see her—I want to thank her!" cried Gibbie. He was actually upon his elbow now.

Doctor Durie forced him gently back upon the pillows.

"Yes, yes," he said soothingly; "so you shall—if all tales be true. But for that you must wait."

"Why—why?" cried impatient Gibbie. "Why cannot I see her now? She has done more for me than ever I deserved——"

"That is the way of women," said the doctor; "but you cannot thank her now. She is dead."

"Dead—dead," gasped Gilbert, stricken to the heart; "then she gave her life for me!"

"Something like it," said the doctor, a trifle grimly. For though he was a wise man, the ways of women were dark to him. He thought that Gilbert, though a fine lad, was not worth it.

"Dead," muttered Gibbie, "and I cannot even tell her—make it up to her——"

"She left you a message," said the doctor very quietly.

"What was it?" cried Gibbie eagerly.

"Oh, nothing much," said Doctor Durie; "there was no hope from the first, and she knew it. She was clear all the three days, almost to the last. She may have wandered a little then, for she told me to tell you——"

"What—what—oh, what? Tell me quickly; I cannot wait."

"That the flowers were blooming in the Upper Garden, and that she would meet you at the Gate!"

. . . . . .

The Reverend Gilbert Denholm never married. He bears a scar or two on his open face—a face well beloved among his people. There is a grave in Rescobie kirkyard that he tends with his own hands. None else must touch it.

It is the resting-place of a woman whom love made young, and about whose feet the flowers of Paradise are blooming as, alone but not impatient, she waits his coming by the Gate.

Artistic Interior Decoration

By Charles M. Shimer

THE higgledy-piggledy period of our domestic decoration showed that the use of a background, as a home accessory, was little valued or understood. It is only within a score of years that "tone" has come into American art. Tone means dominant color and harmony, and is at least as important in schemes of interior ornament as it is in pictures. Most of our homes have been deficient in tone—not moral or intellectual tone, because no homes in the world are better than ours—but color tone.

We all know the spectacle presented by a great many houses in a provincial town. There is a wall paper with roses of four different tints on it. There is a carpet with blue lilies, purple daisies and scarlet sunflowers. There is furniture of several woods and veneers, variously upholstered in plush, satin and rep, of pink, turquoise, green, brown, crimson and variously tinted figures.

The ceiling is a staring white with a moulded plaster ornament in the centre, that occasionally drops off, and on the brown mantels are china and bric-à-brac in which are all the colors of the rainbow and several others—not blended, but thrown together in lurid discords. The mantels have lambrequins of olive that had their day of popularity fifteen years ago, and they have orange fringes. Upstairs there are crazy quilts on the beds, and each rocking-chair has a tidy or a tinted scarf. In the yard, if there are flowers, they are planted with disregard of harmony or effective contrast.

Even our larger towns have exhibitions of just this taste, but there are comforting assurances of a better day approaching. The tendency is toward an avoidance of strong, dark, heavy colors, and the substitution of light, yet positive, hues. The dirty greens, bilious yellows and sad browns lately in vogue have gone, it is hoped, for good, and we find pinks, blues, oranges, greens, yellows and the like, so subdued with white that they are tones, or tints, but refined and joyous ones.

Doctors tell us that our spirits, and therefore our health, may be affected by these backgrounds. Color has an influence on certain temperaments and possibly influences all. It is as easy to have a room decorated in a light, refined and cheerful hue as to make it dark and forbidding. Light paint is as cheap as dark and the effect is commonly a hundred per cent. better. Gloom affects the mind. On a dull, rainy day the spirits of the indoor victim go down and stay down, and in London, where they mix smoke with their fog, the citizens are reputed to hang themselves when such days are common. Per contra, on a bright spring morning, when the earth is mantling with green, there is general cheer. And these effects of exterior brightness are possible in the more intimate surroundings.

Gay Effects Achieved with Yellow

It is a wonder that yellow is not used more. It is like direct sunlight. Visitors to Versailles recall the apartments of Marie Antoinette. They seem gay, even in showery weather. The color scheme is yellow. It is in the walls and in the furniture and on the floor. While the Queen occupied those cheerful rooms it could hardly seem reasonable to her that people could be hungry or bad or disagreeable. Apartments hung and painted in bright yellow might become too stimulating to one's spirits and might cause a reaction, but in the past we have suffered from lack of this warmth and life in our surroundings.

The effect of color on the mind is instanced again in the use for libraries and reading-rooms of old oak, of ripe brown, shading into black.

In an oak room, where it seems always to promise twilight, one withdraws from disturbing phases of social and business life. Books acquire there a new and finer flavor; we study with tranquillity; we look through collections of coins and prints and curios in a calm and leisurely humor. We emerge thence into a brighter apartment with a sense as of passing into a garden, or of coming suddenly into a crowd of pleasure seekers, or of hearing brisk music. From the force and effect of these contrasts we may hazard a guess that in future the owner of a fine house will have rooms for his various moods: an oaken room for study and reflection; a black room for penance and lamentation; a soberly cheerful room for dining; a hall with pink and other healthful, ruddy tones in its rugs, upholstery and mural paintings to express hospitality and cheer; a sitting-room in yellow, where those who stay most constantly at home can be kept in spirits; bedchambers of delicate green or airy blue, shading into white toward the top and suggesting country quiet and fresh air; kitchens and pantries of pale gray or pale buff, exhibiting spots and stains so easily that those who work among them will be shamed into cleanliness and order; and a den hung and floored with Oriental carpets, low in color but expressive of richness as are no other fabrics.

It has been suggested that hospital and sanitarium authorities should experiment with color in order to learn what is best for their patients.

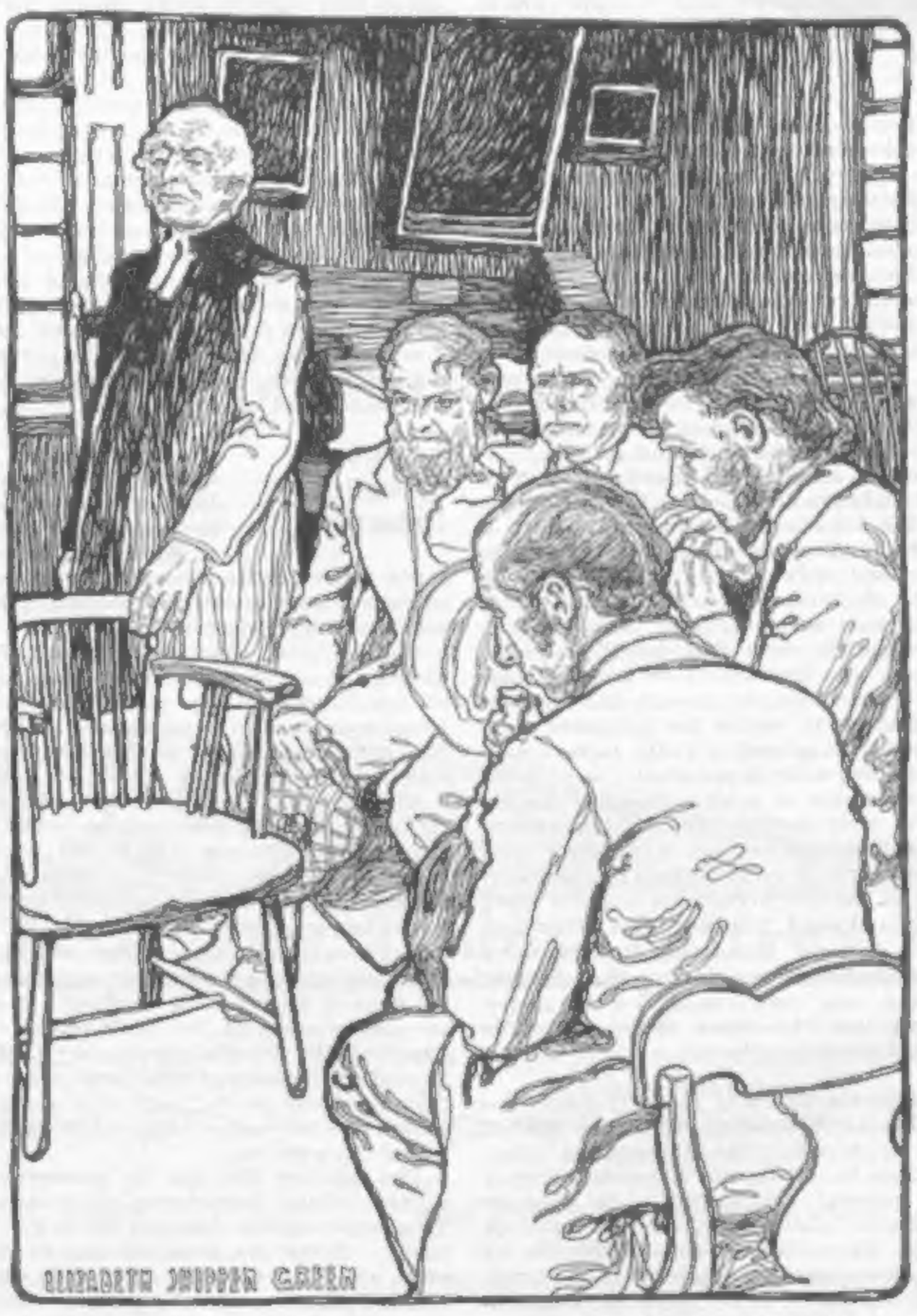
Invalids are more susceptible to colors, as they are to sounds and odors, than are people in health—that is, they are more easily irritated or depressed by them; and the placing of a patient in a room where the walls and furniture are of a color that is calming and agreeable to him is a step toward recovery. Not all patients would like the same color scheme. There are individual preferences that from our own point of view may be wrong ones, but that must be taken into account. Blue glass was once supposed to have a sanitary effect, and a quarter of a century ago blue windows could be found in dozens of American houses. But while some persons fancied that the blue rays were a benefit, others knew they were not, and were, indeed, so annoyed by the bright, strong color that they became nervous, and in some instances nauseated, in houses where blue glass had been installed.

Form, no less than color, has to do with the feeling of repose that must belong to a habitable room. Its architectural lines commonly provide all the geometry that is needed, and we do need a little of it in order to convey that impression of durability which must underlie and complete any sense of restfulness. The floor and ceilings must be level and the walls, doors and windows upright. But apart from these straight lines and other straight lines in mantels, shelves and picture frames, we can do without an effect of rigidity. After being in a bare room for a little we feel the need of relief and offset—some lines of grace, some curves—hence those decorations are best that have fluency of outline. There should be no stiffness in patterns on paper, curtains and the like, and it is generally better, so far as the walls are concerned, to have no pattern at all. Plain cartridge paper is the best unless the room is exceptionally bare of furnishings, in which case a figure in the paper is permissible; but there never should be a paper that is strong in color or assertive and multitudinous in ornament. It must be a background, and no more.

Inartistic Medley of Odds and Ends

What we shall put against the background on our walls is determined by personal taste, but in too many households decoration is merely accumulation. We find assembled in a single room glass vases with gingerbread gilding, imitation bronze clocks, jars of dried grasses, curtains of machine-made lace, carpets with bouquets of impossible flowers, pictures of shouting color in brilliant frames, cold, dull photographs, Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses in dancing school smirks and attitudes, brackets cut out by jig-saws, tidies on the furniture, or, worse, covers that tell you the chairs are too good to use, gas fixtures of brazen elegance with globes of rainbow tint, little tables that are in everybody's way and that are put there to exhibit painted porcelain and cut glass. Novelty, regardless of suitability; colors, instead of color; spots, instead of groups and masses; dazzle and sensation, instead of satisfaction—these are the drift of too many decorative tendencies, so called.

There is no decoration where there is no beauty, and there can be no beauty where there is misapplication. See what passes for art in some of the shops! Embroidered scarfs, tatting, gilded flower-pots, flat-irons covered with velvet on which are flowers painted in oils, tambourines adorned with amateur representations of sunflowers, bunches of tissue-paper leaves and blossoms, wax fruit and lilies, feather ornaments, silk bows for tying to furniture and statuettes, brass crudely *repoussé*, table linen marked with pen sketches, dreadful things in hair, seeds, shells and leather, home-made plaques, spinning wheels and churns with fresh paint, varnish and ribbons on them for the parlor, chromos cut into the forms of plates and fans—and this jumble is advertised broadcast as art!



"I wish you a good-day, gentlemen!"

Luckily we are getting over our belief in it. We no longer care to live in rooms decorated like the saloons of Mississippi steamboats, nor do we believe that millinery is a substitute for painting and sculpture and pottery. The huddling of unrelated fragments into living rooms is an esthetic crime. A broom can accomplish wide and needed reforms. There should be no place for ugly things, and the other sort loses in beauty for lack of right grouping. If the owner would give to his home the same thought he bestows on his business, his office or his factory, and would study pictures and textiles as he studies many things less worth while, he would be persuaded to cast out the unbeautiful and collect what is left into masses that would harmonize with one another and with their background. It is the background that should be felt by the eye rather than asserted; it is the harmony that accompanies the melody of more positive form and color.

The Ethics of Modern Retailing. By Robert C. Ogden

PEOPLE generally are discussing the great business organisms that in recent years have reached enormous proportions and have placed vast commercial interests in the control of a very few persons. The discussion is quite natural. In some or in many ways these great interests touch the welfare of every individual.

It is the custom to hold certain persons responsible for these enterprises, and ethically it is quite right to do so. The ethics of any system are incarnate in its representatives. But they are not the creation of any person or persons. Powerful forces have been at work generating cumulative energy, and with the lapse of time they have made combined operations logical. Individuals have perceived and utilized conditions which they have not originated. The concrete results are found in trusts, corporations and large individual concerns.

They are just now the subject of academic study, scientific inquiry and official investigation. They also command great popular interest. Statesmen are seeking to discover the relation of the State to the new commercial conditions; demagogues are seeking for and finding in them the politician's ammunition; the average citizen is trying to find the truth concerning their relation to the welfare of society.

Generalizations upon the subject will inevitably lead to error. As a subject of study the Metropolitan Street Railway cannot be placed with the Standard Oil Company. Each of these vast corporations, and others like them, must be studied alone, or classified only when conditions can be proved to be identical. A universal basis does not exist, and discussion by wholesale will only lead to wrong conclusions. There is no specific term that describes trusts. The word "trusts" is a fine instrument for political jugglery, well used to catch votes from the unwary and thoughtless. The wise man discards it, makes his judgment upon the good trust or the bad trust according to the facts of each case, and only classifies when unity is apparent.

Of all the great developments of modern business the one most discussed, because most familiar, is the Department Store. The term is unfortunate because misleading, and does not describe the best form of great modern retailing.

A Department Store is merely a common country store greatly overgrown; big, awkward, immature; an affair that has not found itself. It goes blundering on, in some instances making money, but adding nothing to the scientific progress of retail trading, and contributing nothing to the solution of the questions that experience is forcing to the attention of all intelligent retail merchants.

A Federation of Many Retail Stores

The phrase that will properly describe a thoroughly up-to-date retail store has not yet appeared. The Department Store pitches its stuffs into a common hopper for general distribution. In contrast to this, a complete book store, china store, shoe store and all the rest, each entire in its technique and unique in its merchandise treatment, are united in a federation of stores. It is the retail idea as expressed in the latter form that is now under consideration.

It is entirely erroneous to denominate large modern retail stores as trusts. The great retail movement has not attempted the control of production in any class of merchandise, nor the regulation of prices, except in one or two instances where reckless competition was producing needless waste, and loss to the merchants, on certain lines of small proprietary articles. The agreements in question have been too small, local and inconsequent to command serious consideration in this discussion.

The greatest retailing successes most thoroughly illustrate the very simple elements that inspire the entire movement, and a very brief examination will demonstrate their complete distinction from trusts. In principle and practice the large modern retailer represents the consumer. His expectation of returns rests upon a great volume of business done at a very small ratio of net profit. It therefore appears that his first aim is to reduce prices to the consumer to the lowest possible point, that he may thereby concentrate in single hands the largest possible distribution. In this underlying principle is found, upon the one hand, a fundamental antagonism to every phase of the trust idea, and on the other such rivalry with competitors as forbids combination.

Certain questions are suggested by the foregoing statements. May not manufacturing trusts compel opposing combinations on the part of the buyers—the retail merchants? May not the distributers of goods find it to their interest to pool purchases for the sake of the power it would give as against manufacturing trusts? May not such a combination for buying easily suggest other combinations for controlling increased prices in the interest of large profits? It is not easy to discuss conditions that do not exist, but it may be said that such combinations as are suggested by the foregoing questions will be difficult to form and more difficult to maintain.

Very keen suspicions are bred by the rivalries of retail competition, and tremendous individual pride is a marked characteristic of all highly prosperous retail houses. Some of them, for convenience, are in corporate form, but in every case one or two intensely pronounced personalities are back of conspicuous success. Personal conceit and individual self-consciousness surrender slowly to the demands of a combination that places the interests of many under a common control and upon a uniform level.

It therefore appears that the present conditions of modern retail trading do not permit a consideration of the subject from the trust point of view. This disposal of a popular erroneous classification of the Department Store clears the way for a proper consideration of the facts of modern retailing as they actually exist. Retail stores of great magnitude are in evidence in every large city. A general description of them is useless—everybody knows, in a general way, what they are.

There is, perhaps, no great recent business development as to which there is so much popular misunderstanding; and the ethical vindication of what may, for convenience only, be called the Department Store, will be complete if common misstatement can be disproved. It is an axiom that no business has a right to exist that is inconsistent with high social service. In this consideration of modern retailing, as expressed in the management of honorable concerns, the issue is accepted at its full value, and the proposition is to be maintained that, primarily, such businesses exist for the good of society, in respect of the persons employed by them, the public whom they serve, and the labor that produces the merchandise in which they deal.

The Result of Varied Influences

No single mind or group of minds invented the Department Store. It has been evolved from trade laws that in their application are as real as any laws of Nature. The increase of capital has made money cheaper; steam has revolutionized travel and transportation; steam plus electricity has changed communication. These elements afford the means for the large collection and easy distribution of merchandise. The obstacle at all times and everywhere is cost. The currents of merchandise always follow the lines of least resistance. Economy comes with aggregation. The power to reduce the cost to the consumer is the dynamic force of cumulative retailing.

All the conditions unite the interests of merchant and consumer, and the merchant succeeds exactly in the ratio of the advantage he can give to the public. The retailer is in business to make money, and his aim is perfectly honorable, but the logic of the case subordinates his personal interests to the larger question of public service.

But people generally are less concerned with the principles that have created the modern retail store than they are with the facts of its practical working. It is therefore important to consider some of the more prominent popular criticisms. Absolute data for this purpose are lacking, but the carefully formed conclusions of intelligent observers may be accepted. Opinions thus created will have value in proportion to the confidence the reader may repose in the capacity and integrity of the witness.

The criticism that has the greatest vogue is that the competition of the Department Store destroys the small store. To a degree this is true, but not to the extent commonly supposed. There are great avenues in New York City that for miles are filled on both sides with small retail stores. In Philadelphia the storekeeping licenses have considerably more than doubled in the last thirty years. The small store survives in large numbers, and undoubtedly sells much merchandise.

But the question involved is thoughtless and the criticism shallow. The real issue is this: Does the Department Store increase the consumption of merchandise? If yes, then the fact is that it merely changes the form of the employment with the added benefit of an increase that gives work to more persons. And it is an undoubted fact that the modern retail methods largely increase the consumption of merchandise. Some careful study has convinced the writer that in certain large stores that increase is fifty per cent.; or, to state it differently, that by their methods these stores definitely create one-third of the business they transact. And what is true in these cases is certainly true in many others.

The implication in the criticism is that the Department Store destroys the livelihood of small competitors. The answer is that it conserves the opportunities for a livelihood and makes them more abundant. Sympathy for persons who, refusing to recognize existing conditions, have pursued a hopeless venture to a disastrous end is constantly in demand. But the judgment should recognize the fact that the result comes from ignorance or obstinacy, or both. If the suffering individual had simply adapted himself to actual conditions, and had sought his livelihood through some of the large concerns, he would have been in the enjoyment of a fair compensation, and would not appear as a sympathy-seeking mendicant.

Small Dealers Formerly a Failing Class

The discussion of the small storekeeper in relation to the development of modern retailing demands that his history before the advent of the Department Store be clearly remembered. He belonged to a failing class—not five per cent. of the retail merchants of the former days permanently achieved success. If, therefore, failure was then the rule, the coming of the great retail store has proved a blessing to a great industrial class. Something more concerning this will appear later.

There will also follow some consideration of the trend of prices in their relation to the interests of the consumer, but their influence upon the volume of employment and upon the interests of the employee require some attention here. The point is that reduced prices increase the volume of consumption. But it should be remembered that the increase in the labor thereby created is not represented in dollars. It is bulk more than value that creates labor, and, in miscellaneous merchandise, reduced prices increase the volume to be handled in a far greater ratio than is expressed in money value. This must be kept clearly in mind in view of the following computation.

It is an assumption, based upon some positive knowledge, that fourteen persons were required—including the employer—for the distribution of one hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise under the old conditions. Therefore the handling of goods to the value of ten millions of dollars would occupy the abilities of fourteen hundred persons.

Comparisons of labor between the past and present are somewhat difficult because of service rendered by persons not directly employed. Few concerns owned their own horses and wagons, but only employed drivers by the job. The same was true of other heavy service. Therefore, an important element of labor calculation is beyond command in this discussion.

Admitting the accuracy of the theory already stated—that modern stores create one-third of their business—it will appear that ten millions of dollars per annum under the old methods, when concentrated in single hands promptly rises to fifteen millions, the difference not being taken from other sources by competition, but originated by the new methods. It is now known to be a fact that four thousand two hundred persons are required to handle a retail business of fifteen millions of dollars a year. Therefore the business that used only fourteen hundred persons in the good old days of the small shopkeeper increases labor nearly threefold when brought under the operation of modern methods. If this statement is true, the criticism that the occupation of the small storekeeper is destroyed by the present retailing development is answered.

It is, however, equally important to understand the effects upon the character of the employment and its compensation. The great modern retail store is a very highly organized institution, vast and complex. The quality, novelty and cheapness of its goods, the efficiency of its service, the popular presentation of its claims, all enter into the problem of

success. Competition in all that makes for progress has educated the public into being an exacting taskmaster, and without popular favor success is impossible.

Out of these conditions comes a demand for high-grade men, and the business world offers few more attractive fields of work than the modern retail store. Many of the managing positions grade for compensation with those of presidents of large banks and trust companies, excepting the greater financial corporations of New York. These managing positions are found in both the executive and merchandise sections. The best economy is found in the employment of the highest talent. Take the merchandise head of a department that is retailing goods aggregating a million or a million and a half dollars annually. One per cent. or a half of one per cent. more on such a volume makes a splendid addition to a salary, but cuts no figure when cumulative sales at a very small added per cent. of profit are the product of superior skill. And what is true of the head holds good all the way down the line.

Many Benefits from Great Establishments

Parallel to the growth of these enterprises, other influences beneficial to employees have been at work. Hours of labor have been shortened, conditions under which work is done have been vastly improved, educating influences of a most potent nature have been created. The breadth of view demanded by a great business reduces narrowness; the exactness of a scientific system in making transactions cultivates habits of accuracy and order. Thus with persons of serious purpose a character building force is constantly exerted. Perhaps the whole issue of the Department Store's influence upon its employees has thus been met and answered in favor of the modern conditions.

It is quite important to maintain, as an ethical fact, that the purchasing power of the consumer's money is enhanced by the Department Store. Prices of the vast majority of goods have fallen greatly during the last two or three decades. Many causes have united to produce these results, and it is difficult to determine how much is due, respectively, to the progress of the arts and to the changed methods of modern trading. But many men now in active business recall clearly that fifty per cent. of profit, upon a much larger original cost of goods, was the rule in retail business. All that is changed under the modern development of retailing; and to the great reduction in gross profits charged must be credited a very large portion of the increased purchasing power of money. To this must be added the further reduction arising from the cheapening of cost caused by the concentration of buying. The mere statements contain the argument, and they demand no painstaking elaboration.

It is also quite proper to ask whether the present large retailing has injured the manufacturer and the producing laborer. Manufacturing competition and its effect upon prices have no place in this discussion. The influence of concentrated buying upon prices concerns only the cost of doing business, and not the cost of manufacture. It does reduce the cost of management and saves to the manufacturer many items of expense. He needs no intermediary, dispenses with a commission merchant, sells his own goods or doubles the working capacity of his salesmen, reduces his bookkeeping, shipping and collecting costs. All this advantage the retail merchant secures for the consumer without loss to the manufacturer. On the other hand, the many savings so reduce the retail prices as to stimulate consumption, and the net result is more business to the manufacturer and more labor for his operatives. To revert to the former statement, that the present processes of retailing create business—the cause is found in this price reduction.

Other incidental public advantages have come from great cumulative retailing. In common with all large affairs the retail store must present to the public gaze a fair, frank front. This is one of the conditions to securing that public confidence without which there can be no success. Thus juggling with prices is impossible, and the public will have absolutely the one-price system. Equally vital is it that there shall be no misrepresentation, and the firm that endeavors to profit by deception in its merchandise is doomed. Fair treatment of employees is another point of intense public interest. By all of these influences public opinion is constantly at work, and, should ethical impulse be absent, the pocket nerve quickly teaches that honesty is the best policy.

Broadening Educators of the Public

It should also be noted that the high-class federated store, in common with other modern business developments, is a good public educator. This is true of some railroads that are great object-lessons in system and discipline, and promoters of good taste by means of lawns, flower gardens and beautiful stations. In the same line, great stocks of goods are museums of beauty and utility that bring into single collections, freely open to all, the products that display the practical and fine arts of the whole civilized and semi-barbarous world.

Employment for women is a feature of the Department Store that has much interest for the social economist. It is a large subject and needs distinct treatment. Nevertheless, by it the field of women's work has broadened, enriched and greatly increased.

In some places there have been tentative and partial efforts toward profit sharing, or prosperity sharing, between employer and employee. But no large contribution to this effort to solve the capital and labor question has yet been made by the great retail stores. It is, however, true that the retail store of to-day offers unequaled opportunity for the application of the golden rule in business relations. The tendency is all toward reasonable treatment of the employed, and possibly the future may evolve some fine progress in this direction. This task is intensely difficult. It requires the kindly heart and the scientific method. Much money has been wasted in futile experiment in this direction because philanthropic purpose has lacked wise application.

The conclusion of this crude and incomplete discussion is that a sound moral and economic basis exists for the Department Store, for the following reasons:

First: It creates largely increased employment. Second: It improves the condition of employees, mentally, physically and financially. Third: It adds to the sum of human happiness by increasing the power of money to supply the comforts of life. Fourth: Its general influence upon the community is in harmony with honesty and sound public education.

It may be asked whether the employer has any interest to be considered in this connection. Of course he has. If he does not prosper all fails. His money must be made on his interest account and a small commission on the aggregate sales. And it is only needful to add that, in proportion as the public increases the aggregate, he can reduce his commission. This, however, is merely incidental to the subject in hand.

Bagley's Artesian Well

By Charles Battell Loomis

BAGLEY lives at Jumpingoff Place, Calamity Heights, New Jersey. Last autumn Bagley decided that running water would be better than the water that is pumped, so he engaged a contractor to sink an artesian well.

In process of time—they are leisurely in New Jersey—the contractor found a man who, being by occupation a well-digger, was willing to forsake his pleasures (which were those of the chase) long enough to sink a well. So far so good. Bagley thought of Moses and the rock and went on pumping.

In the course of a month the well-digger came up on an off day and decided upon a certain spot as being a good site for the well; said that water would probably be struck at a depth of twenty feet, and then he drove away. It being the opening of the hunting season, Bagley supposes he went out after partridges.

The partridges must have led him a merry chase, for it was a week before he came again. Then he went all over the grounds again and chose a better site for the well. He thought it might have to be sunk deeper, but the water would be wetter. Then he drove airily away again to give some of his best thought to the undertaking.

A windmill arrived next day and Bagley thought that looked like business. It came from some place in Western California, and in unloading it the most vital part of it was broken, and the well-digger had to send to the westernmost parts of California for another piece, and until it came he pursued the elusive rabbit and the reluctant quail, presumably. At any rate, he did not come to Bagley's, except once when he came to find a new site for the well. Probably the old site had dried up.

At last the missing part of the windmill came, and then the well-digger announced that next day, if it were pleasant, he would begin operations—though why he couldn't have been sinking the well all the weeks that the section of windmill was being slowly hauled across the continent was a mystery to Bagley.

The next day looked as if it might be cloudy, so of course the well-digger did not come; but on the day following he arrived with his engine and drill, and went home with a sick headache—or his shot-gun.

After this he came nearly every day with a young friend, and sometimes two. He must have known his Whitman, for he loafed and invited a soul to loaf with him. Bagley called them the picnickers because they used to arrive about ten, and after contemplating the engine with reverent awe for a half hour or so, spread out a luncheon on a flat rock and make merry over it. Then they fed the horse. Then they contemplated the engine some more, and once they got up steam, to test the boiler, probably, but darkness coming on they were forced to desist from their labor before the machinery began to work.

Still, in less than a fortnight they had sunk the well thirty feet, and it had caved in on them only three times.

They were all amiable men, and Bagley had many a pleasant chat with them. He was not paying them; it was the contractor's loss. They seemed to know a good deal, theoretically, about artesian wells, and Bagley pumped them. It was good exercise, and he had become an expert at pumping.

In spite of these trifling delays I believe that Bagley would have gotten water eventually if the well-digger had not one day fallen heir to a little legacy. He had been unusually early that day, had contemplated the engine less than usual, and had gotten up steam before noon. He fed his horse frequently, and at eleven-thirty he spread his picnic luncheon on the rock. In the house you could hear Bagley at the pump, it being a Monday.

At twelve the well-sinker rose from his repast and came to the house. "I'm going to quit work now."

"That's right," said Bagley. "I don't want any man to work himself sick on my account." Then he went on pumping to fill the tank.

"Fact is," said the well man, "I've fallen heir to a little money, and I've decided to give up the well business."

Then he dumped his fire, loaded his engine and apparatus on two wagons, and left with a light heart.

The contractor says he knows another man in the well business, but Bagley says he doesn't care to meet him, as he has become enamored of the pump as a means of exercise, and he is going to use the windmill as a trellis for his grapevines.

TO AN OLD CLOCK—*By* James Jeffrey Roche

Old clock, if you've come here to give advice
About Time's flight,
And think to scare us with your wheels—think twice—
Go slow to-night.

Dull preacher of one dreary, weary creed
By Death inspired,
The limits of our patience you exceed
And make us tired.

No need for you to tell the lapse of life
With tick and chime.
Who made you Umpire, bidding us to strife,
By calling "Time"?

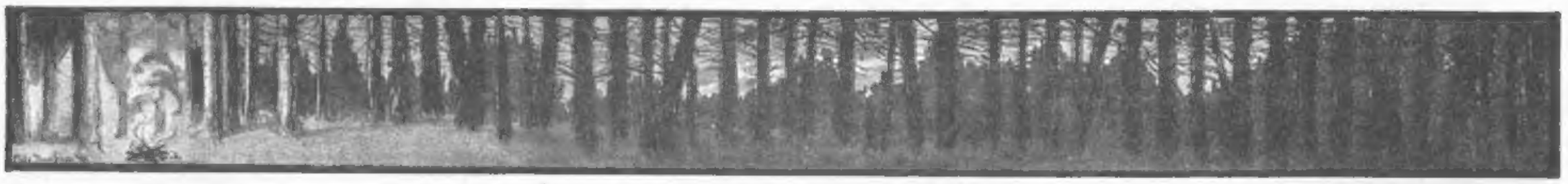
You stand there, like a Pharisee of yore,
Proclaiming grace,
With two admonitory hands before
Your smug, flat face.

Although you know the time of day at home,
Beware mistakes:
It's yesterday in China now. In Rome
To-morrow breaks.

And somewhere off in Mars or Mercury, no doubt,
If it could speak
For us to hear, some clock to-night bawls out,
"'Tis Tuesday week!"

While one on t'other side of space (maybe
You'd call it slow)
Is marking time at "half-past twenty-three
Six weeks ago!"

So don't get gay with humble sons of men,
As some clocks do;
One day your wheels will slacken up, and then
Good-Night to you!



Mooswa of the Boundaries By W. A. Fraser

The Trial of Pisew

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THREE days later, as had been spoken in the Council, Black King, accompanied by three Fox brothers, and his mother, the Red Widow, crept cautiously into the open space that was fringed by a tangle of red and gray willows, inside of which grew a second frieze of raspberry bushes. There he sat on his haunches and peered discontentedly, furtively about. There was nobody, nothing in sight—nothing but the Hudson Bay Company's dilapidated old log shack, that had been a trading post, and against which Time had leaned so heavily that the rotted logs were sent sprawling in a disconsolate heap.

"This does not look overmuch like our Council Court, does it, dame?" he asked of the Red Widow. "I, the King, am first to arrive—ah, here is Rof!" as Blue Wolf slouched into the open, his froth-lined jaws swinging low in suspicious watchfulness.

"I'm late," he growled, sniffing at each bush and stump as he made the circuit of the Court. "What! only Your Majesty and the Red Widow here as yet! It's bad form for our comrades to keep the King waiting."

While Blue Wolf was still speaking the willows were thrust open as though a tree had crashed through them, and Mooswa's massive head protruded, just for all the world as if hanging from a wall in the hall of some great house. His Chinese-shaped eyes blinked at the light.

"May I be knock-kneed!" he wheezed plaintively, "if it didn't take me longer to do those thirty miles this morning than I thought it would. The going was so soft. I should have been here on time, though, if I hadn't struck just the loveliest patch of my favorite weed at Little Rapids—where the fire swept last year, you know."

"That's what the Men call fireweed," cried Carcajou, pushing his strong body through the fringe of berry bushes.

"That's because they don't know," retorted Mooswa; "and because it always grows in good soil after the fire has passed, I suppose."

"Where does the seed come from, Mooswa?" asked Lynx, who had come up while they were talking. "Does the fire bring it?"

"I don't know," answered the Bull Moose. "The Indians say it comes from the Happy Hunting Grounds—it is good and I am content."

"It is not written in the Man's books, either," affirmed Carcajou.

"Can the King who is so wise tell us?" pleaded Fisher, who had arrived.

"Manitou sends it!" Black Fox asserted decisively.

"The King answers worthily," declared Wolverine. "If Mooswa can stand in the fire-flower until it tops his back, and eat of the juice-filled stalk, without straining his short neck, until his belly is like the gorge of a Sturgeon, what matters how it has come? Let the Men, who are silly creatures, bother over that. Manitou has sent it, and it is good; that is enough for Mooswa."

"You are late, Nekik," said the King severely; "and you, too, Sakwasew."

"I am lame," pleaded Otter.

"My ear is bleeding," said Mink.

"Who got the fish?" queried Carcajou.

They both tried to look very innocent.

"What fish?" asked Black Fox.

"My fish!" replied Mink.

"Mine!" exclaimed Otter in the same breath.

Wolverine winked solemnly at the Red Widow.

"Yap! that won't do—been fighting!" came from the King.

"It was a Doré, Your Majesty," pleaded Sakwasew, "and I caught him first."

"Just as I dove for him," declared Otter, "Sakwasew followed after and tried to take him from me—a great big fish too, it was. I've been fishing for four years, but this was the biggest Doré I ever saw—why, he was the length of Pisew."

"A fisherman's lie," quoth the Red Widow.

"Who got the fish? That's the main question," demanded Carcajou.

"He escaped," replied Nekik, sorrowfully; "and we have come to the meeting without any breakfast."

"Bah! bah! bah!" laughed Blue Wolf; "that's rich! Hey, Muskwa, you heard the end of the story—isn't it good?"

"I, too, have had no breakfast," declared Muskwa, "so I don't see the point—it's not a bit funny. Seven hard-baked ant hills have I torn up in the grass-flat down by the river, and not a single dweller in one of them. My paws ache, for the clay was hard, and the dust has choked up my lungs. Wuf-f-f! I could hardly get my breath coming up the hill, and I have more mortar in my lungs than Ants in my stomach."

"Are there no berries to be had, then, Muskwa?" asked Wapistan.

"Oh, yes; there are berries hereabouts, but they're all hard and bitter. The white dogberries, and the pink buffalo-berries, and the wolf-willow berries—what are they? Perhaps not to be despised in this year of famine, for they pucker up one's stomach until a cub's ration fills it; but the saskatoons are now dry on the bush and I miss them sorely. Gluck! they're the berries—full of oil, not vinegar; a feed of them is like eating a little Sucking Pig."

"What's a Sucking Pig?" queried Lynx. "I never saw one growing."

"I know," declared Carcajou. "The Priest over at Wapiscaw had six little white fellows in a small corral. They had voices like Pallas, the Black Eagle. I could always tell when they were being fed; their wondrous song reached a good three miles."

"That's where I got mine," remarked Muskwa, looking cautiously about to see that there were no eavesdroppers; "I had three, and the Priest keeps three."

"Weren't they hairy little beggars, Muskwa?" asked Blue Wolf, harking back longingly to the meat food.

"Yes, somewhat; I had bristles in my teeth for a week—awfully coarse fur they wore. They were noisy little rats—the screeching gave me an earache.

"Huf! huf! huf! You should have seen the Factor, who is a fat, pot-bellied little chap, built like Carcajou, come running with his short Otter legs when he heard me."

"What did you do, Muskwa—weren't you afraid?" asked the Red Widow.

"I threw a little Pig out of the corral, and he took to the forest. The Factor in his excitement ran after him, and I laughed so much to see him that I really couldn't eat the fourth Pig."

"But you did well," cried Black King; "there's nothing like a good laugh at meal time to aid digestion."

"I thought they would eat like that, Muskwa," continued Blue Wolf. "You remember the thick, white-furred animals they once brought to the Mission at Lac La Biche?"

"Sheep," interposed Mooswa. "I remember them; stupid creatures they were—always frightened by something; and always bunching up together like the Plain Buffalo, so that a killer had more slaying than running to do amongst them."

"That was the worst of it," declared Blue Wolf. "My pack acted as foolishly as Man did with the Buffalo—we killed them all off in a single season, for that very reason. The queer fur they had got into my teeth, and made me fairly furious. Where one Sheep would have sufficed for my supper I killed three—though I'm generally of an even temper. The Priest did much good in this country——"

"Bringing in the Sheep, eh?" interrupted Carcajou.

"Perhaps, perhaps; each one according as his interests are affected."

"The Priests are a benefit," asserted Marten. "The Father at Little Slave Lake had a corral full of the loveliest tame Grouse—Chickens they called them. They were like the Sheep, silly enough to please the laziest hunter."

"Did you join the Mission, brother?" asked Carcajou, licking his chops hungrily.

"For three nights," answered Wapistan; "then I left it carrying a scar on my hip from the snap of a white, bob-tailed Dog they call a Fox-Terrier. A busy, meddlesome little cur, lacking the composure of a dweller in the Boundaries. I became disgusted at its clatter and cleared out."

"A Fox-what?" asked the Red Widow. "He was not of our tribe to interfere with a comrade's kill."

"It must have been great hunting," interrupted Black King, his mouth watering at the idea of a corral full of Chickens.

"It was!" asserted Wapistan. "All in a row they sat, shoulder to shoulder—it was night, you know. They simply blinked at me with their glassy eyes, and exclaimed, 'Peek! Peek!' until I cut their throats. Yes, the Mission is a good thing."

"It is," concurred Black King; "they should establish more of them. But where in the world is Chatterbox, the Jay?"

"Gabbler, the Fool, must have trailed in with a party of Men going down the river," suggested Carcajou. "Nothing but eating would keep him away from a party of talkers."

"Well, comrades," said Black King, "shall the Boundaries be the same as last year? Are there any changes?"

"I roam everywhere—is not that so, King?" asked Muskwa.

"Yes; but not to eat everywhere. There is truce for the young Beaver, because workmen are not free to the kill."

"I have not eaten of Trowel-Tail's children," declared Muskwa proudly. "I have kept the Law of the Boundaries."

"And yet he has lost two sons," said Black Fox, looking sternly about.

A tear trickled down the sandy beard of Beaver and glistened on his black nose.

"Two sturdy sons, Your Majesty, a year old. Next year, or the year after, they would have gone out and builded lodges of their own. Such plasterers I never saw in my life. Why, their work was as smooth as the inner bark of the poplar, and no two Beavers on the whole length of Pelican River could cut down a tree with them."

"Oh, never mind their virtues, Trowel-Tail," interrupted Carcajou heartlessly; "they are dead—that is the main thing; and who killed them, the question. Who broke the Boundary Law is what we want to know."

"Whisky-Jack should be here during the inquiry," grumbled the King. "He's our detective—Jack sees everything, tells everything, and finds out everything. Shouldn't wonder if he knew—strange that he's not with us."

"Must have struck some friends, Your Majesty," said the Bull Moose. "As I drank at the river, twenty miles up, one of those floating houses the Traders use passed with two Men in it. The smell of hot meat came to me, and if Jack were within five miles of the river he also would know of the food."

"Very likely, Mooswa," rejoined Black King. "A cooked pork rind would coax Jay from his duty any time. We must go on with the inquiry without him. Who broke the Law of the Boundaries and killed Umisk's two sons?" he demanded sternly.

"I didn't," wheezed Mooswa, rubbing his big, soft nose caressingly down Beaver's back, as the latter sat on one of the old stumps. "I have kept the law. Like Muskwa, I roam from lake to lake, and from river to river; but I kill no one—that is, with one exception."

"That was within the law," asserted the King, "for we kill in our own defense."

"I think it was Pisew," whispered the Red Widow. "See the sneak's eye. Call him up, oh, son, and command him to say if he has kept the law."

"Pisew," ordered Black Fox, "come closer!"

Lynx started guiltily at the call of his name. There was something soft and unpleasant in the slipping sound of his big muffled feet as he walked up to the King.

"Has Pisew kept the Law of the Boundaries?" asked Black King sternly, looking full in the moustached face of the slim-bodied cat.

Lynx turned his head sideways, and his eyes sought to avoid those of the questioner.

"Your Majesty, I roam from the Pelican on one side to Fish Creek on the other, and the law is that therein I, who eat flesh, may kill Wapoos, the Rabbit. This year it has been hard living, Your Majesty—hard living. Because of the fire, Wapoos fled beyond the waters of the creeks, and I have eaten of the things that could not fly the Boundaries—Mice and Frogs and Slugs: a diet that is horrible to think of. Look, Your Majesty, at my gaunt sides—am I not like one that is already skinned by the Trappers?"

"He is making much talk," whispered the Red Widow, "to the end that you forget the murder of Trowel-Tail's sons."

"Didn't you like Beaver meat?" queried Black King.

"I am not the slayer of Umisk's children," affirmed Lynx. "It was Wapoos, or Whisky-Jack; they are mischief-makers, and ready for any evil."

"Oh, you silly liar!" cried Carcajou, in derision. "Wapoos, the Rabbit, kill a Beaver? Why not say the Moon came down and ate them up? Thou hast a sharp nose and a full appetite, but little brain."

"He is a poor liar!" remarked the Red Widow.

"I have kept the law," whined Lynx. "I have eaten so little that I am starved."

"What shall we do, brothers, about the murdered sons of Umisk? Beaver is the worker of our lands. Only for him, and the dams he builds, the muskegs would soon dry up, the fires would burn the forests, and we should have no place to live. If we kill the sons, presently there will be no workers—nobody but ourselves who are killers." Black Fox thus put the case wisely to the others.

"Gr-a-a-h-wuh! Let me speak!" cried Blue Wolf. "Pisew has done this thing! If any in my pack make a kill and I come to speak of it, do I not know from their eyes, that grow tired, which it is?"

Said the Lieutenant, Carcajou: "I think you are right, Rof; but you can't hang a comrade because he has weak eyes. No one has seen Pisew make the kill. We must have a new law, Your Majesty. That if again Kit-Beaver, or Cub-Fox, or Babe-Wapoos, or Young-Anyone is slain for eating, we shall all, sitting in Council, decide who is to pay the penalty. I think that will stop this murderous poaching."

"It will," whispered the Red Widow. "Lynx will never touch one of them again. He knows what Carcajou means."

"That is a new law, then," cried the King. "If any of Umisk's children are killed by one of us, we shall decide sitting in Council who is to be executed for the crime."

"Please, Your Majesty," squeaked Rabbit, "I keep the Boundary Law but others do not. From Beaver's dam to the

Pelican, straighter than a Man's trail, are my three runways. My cousin's family has three more; and in the muskeg our streets run clear to view. Beyond our runways we do not go. Nor do we build houses in violation of the law—only roads are we allowed, and these we have made. In the muskeg parks, the nice open places Beaver has formed by damming back the waters, we labor. When the young spruce are growing, and would choke up the park, we strip the bark off and they die, and the open is still with us. Neither do we kill any animal, nor make trouble for them—keeping well within the law. Are we not ourselves food for all the Animal Kingdom? Lynx lives off us, and Marten lives off us, and Fox lives off us, and Wolf, and Bear sometimes. I, nor my tribe, do not complain, because that law is older than the laws we make ourselves. But have we not certain rights which are known to the Council? For one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening, just when the sun and the stars change their season of toil, are we not to be free from the hunting?"

"Yes, it is written," replied the Black King, "that no one shall kill Wapoos at the hour of dusk and the hour of dawn. Has any one done so?"

"If they have it's a shame!" cried Carcajou. "I do not eat Wapoos; but if everything else fails—if the Fish fail, if there are no berries, if the nuts and the seeds are dried in the heart before they ripen, we still have Wapoos to carry us over. The Indians know this—it is of their history; and many a time has Wapoos, the Rabbit, our Little Brother, saved them from starvation."

"Who has slain Wapoos at the forbidden hour?" thundered Black King.

Again there was denial all around the circle, and again everybody felt convinced that Lynx was the breaker of the law. Said Black Fox: "It is well, because of the new ruling we have passed, I think. If again Wapoos is killed or hunted at the forbidden hours we shall decide in Council who must die."

"Also, O King," still pleaded Rabbit, "for all time have we claimed another protection. You know our way of life. For seven years we go on peopling the streets of our muskeg cities, growing more plentiful all the time, until there is a great population. Then comes the sickness on the seventh year, and we die off like flies."

"It has been so for sixty years," assented Mooswa. "My father, who is sixty, knows of this thing."

For a hundred times sixty, brother," quoth Carcajou. "It is so told in the legends of the Indians."

"It is a queer sickness," continued Wapoos. "The lumps come in our throats, and under our arms, and it kills. Your Majesty knows the Law of the Seventh Season."

"Yes; it is that no one shall eat Wapoos that year, or next."

"Most wise ruling," concurred Carcajou. "The Rabbits with the lumps in their necks are poisonous. Besides, when there are so few of them, if they were eaten the food supply of the Boundaries would be forever gone. A most wise rule."

"Has any one violated this protection right?" asked the Black King, glancing around the circle of his subjects.

"Yes, Your Majesty. This is the Seventh Year, is it not?" said Rabbit.

"Bless me! so it is," exclaimed Mooswa thoughtfully. "I, who do not eat Rabbits, have paid no attention to the calendar. I wondered what made the woods so silent and dreary; that's just it. No fluffy little Wapooses darting across one's path. Why, now I remember, last year, the Year of the Plenty, when I lay down for a rest they'd be all about me. Actually sat upon my side many a time."

"Yes, it's the Seventh Year," whined Lynx; "look how thin I am. Perhaps miles and miles of river bank, and not even a Frog to be had."

"Alas! it's the Plague-year," declared Wapoos, "and my whole family were striken with the sickness. They died off one—by—one ——" Here he stopped, and covered his big, sympathetic eyes with soft, fluffy hands. His tender heart choked.

Mooswa sniffed through his big nose, and browsed absent-mindedly off the gray willows. My! but they were bitter—he never ate them at any time; but one must do something when a father is talking about his dead children.

"Did they all die, Wapoos?" asked Otter; and in his black, snakelike eyes there actually glistened a tear of sympathy.

"Yes; and our whole city was almost depopulated."

"Dreadful!" cried Carcajou.

"The nearest neighbor left me was a widow on the third main runway—two cross-paths from my lane. All her family died off, even the husband. We were a great help to each other in the way of consolation, and became fast friends. Yesterday morning, when I called to talk over our affliction, there was nothing left of her but a beautiful, soft, fluffy tail."

"Horrible! Oh, the wretch!" screamed Black Fox's mother. "To treat a widow that way—to eat her!"

"If I knew who did it," growled Muskwa savagely, "I would break his neck with one stroke of my fist. Poor little Wapoos! come over here. Eat these black currants that I've just picked—I don't want them."

"That is a most criminal breach of the law," said the King with emphasis. "If Wapoos can prove who did it, we'll give the culprit quick justice."

Flif-fluf, flif-fluf! came the sound of wings at this juncture, and with an erratic swoop Whisky-Jack shot into the circle. He was trembling with excitement—something of tremendous importance had occurred; every blue-gray feather of his coat vibrated with it. He strutted about to catch his breath, and his walk was the walk of one who feels his superiority. Then swishing up on the big platter-like leaf that was the first spread of Mooswa's crown, he snapped his beak to clear his throat, coughed, and began:

"Comrades, who do you suppose has come within our Boundaries?"

"Tell us, tell us!" cried Carcajou. "One would think Wie-sah-ke-chack had come back from his Spirit Home where the Northern Lights grow, judging from your manner."

"François has come!" declared the Jay in a dramatic voice. The silence of consternation settled over the group.

"François and the Boy!" added Jack.

"What's a Boy?" asked Lynx.

"I know," asserted Mooswa. "When I was a calf in the Company's corral at Fort Resolution, I played with a Boy, the Factor's Man-cub. Great Horns! he was nice. Many a time he gave me to eat the queer grass things that grew in the Factor's garden."

"Where is François?" queried the King.

"At Red Stone Brook—he and the Boy. I had breakfast with them."

"Renegade!" sneered Carcajou.

"And François says they will stay here all winter and kill fur. There are three big bear traps in the outfit; I saw them, Muskwa; what think you? Great steel jaws to them, with hungry teeth. They will crack the leg of a Moose, even a Buffalo, and there are number four traps for Umisk, the Beaver, and Nekik, the Otter; and smaller ones for you, Mister Marten—many of them. Oh, my! but it's nice to have an eight-dollar coat! All the thief-trappers in the land covet it. And François has an iron stick, and the Boy has an iron stick, and there will be great sport here all winter. That's what François said, and I think it is true—not that a Half-breed sticks to the truth overclose."

The hunt fear settled over the gathering. No one had heart even to check the spiteful jibes of the feathered clerk. The Law of the Boundaries and the suspicious evidence of its violation that pointed to Lynx were forgotten—which was, perhaps, a good thing for the tuft-eared cat.

Black King was the first to break the fear-silence.

"Subjects, draw close, for already it has come to us that we have need of all our wisdom, and all our loyalty one to another, and the full strength of our laws."

Silently they bunched up; then he proceeded: "Now must we take an oath one to help the other, if we prefer not to have our coats nailed on the wall of the Huntman's shack. Now take we the oath?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

A murmur of eager assent started with the deep bass of Blue Wolf and died away in the plaintive treble of Wapoos.

"Then listen and repeat with me," he commanded.

"We, Dwellers within the Boundaries, swear by the Spirit of Wie-sah-ke-chack, who is God of the Indians and all Animals, that, come trap, come iron stick, come white-powdered bait, come snare, come arrow, come whatsoe'er may, we will help each other, and warn each other, and keep ward for each other; in the star-time and the sun-time; in the flower-time and the snow-time. That the call of one for help shall be the call of all; and the fight of one shall be the fight of all; and the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all.

"By the mark that is on the tail of each of us, we swear this. By the white tip that is on the tail of Fox, and all others according to their tailmark, we swear it."

All repeated it slowly and solemnly.

"Now," said Black King, "François will have his work cut out, for we are many against one. For five years he has followed me for my black coat—for five winters I have eluded his traps and his baits and the cough of his iron stick. But one never knows when the evil day is to come. Last winter François trapped on the Hay River. I was there. It is, as you know, a great place for black currants——"

"Do you eat the bitter, sour berries, Your Majesty?" queried Marten.

"No, Silly; except for the flavor of them that is in the flesh of Gay Cock, the Pheasant. But it is in every child's book of the Fox tribe, that where berries are thick, the Birds are many."

"I should like to see François," exclaimed Nekik, the Otter.

"And the Boy," suggested Mooswa. "It's years since I saw a Man-cub."

"W-h-e-u-f-f!" ejaculated Muskwa. "I saw a Man once—Nichemous. Did I tell you about——"

"Save me from Owls!" interrupted Whisky-Jack; "that's your stock story, old Squeaky-Nose. I've heard it fifty times in the last two years."

The Bear stood rocking his big body back and forth, while the saucy bird chattered.

"But I should like to see more of Man," he continued when Jay had finished. "Tell me, Jack, do they always walk on their hind legs, or only when they are going to kill or fight—as *I* do? I think we must be cousins," he went on meditatively.

"You ought to be ashamed of it, then," snapped Whisky-Jack.

"They leave a trail just like mine," proceeded Muskwa, paying no attention to Jay. "I once saw a Man's track on the mud bank of the river; I could have sworn it was one of my family had passed—a long foot-print with a heel."

"Perhaps it was your own track—you are so terribly stupid at times," suggested Jack.

"*You* might have made that mistake," retorted Muskwa, "for you can't scent; but when I investigated with my nose I knew that it was Man. There was the same horrible smell that came to me once as two of these creatures passed down the river in a canoe whilst I was eating berries by the water's edge. But you spend most of your time begging a living from these Men, Jack—tell me if they generally walk as I do, on all fours."

"Long ago they did, Muskwa; when their brains were small like yours. Then they developed, and got more sense, and learned to balance themselves on their hind legs."

"What's the use of having four legs and only using two?" grunted Bear with a dissatisfied air.

"You'll find out, my fat friend, if you come within range of the iron stick—what did Nichemous try to do? After that you won't ask silly questions, for François will take your skin, dry it in the sun, and put your brainless head on a tree as a medicine offering to the Hunt Spirit; and he'll take your big carcass home, and the Boy will help him eat it. Don't bother me about Man—if you want to know his ways, come and see for yourself."

"I'd like to, Clerk," said Bear.

"They're going to build a house," asserted Whisky-Jack.

"A lodge!" exclaimed Beaver. "Oh, I must see that!"

"What say you, Black King?" queried Carcajou. "May we all go to-morrow? Think you it's safe?"

"Better now than when the traps are set and the fire stick loaded."

So they arranged to go at dawn the next day, and watch from the bush François and Roderick. Then the meeting broke up.

(The fourth of these stories will appear next week.)

The ORCHARD—*By* Edwin L. Sabin

THE apple grove is bending low
To mark it's year's completeness.
With happy branches whereon grow
A whole long summer's sweetness.
A rustle spreads from tree to tree—
Each courtesies and minces.
And whispers soft: "We beat, you see,
A banquet fit for Princes!

"The wind and rain of nights and days
Our alchemy has captured;
The noontide's golden, drenching rays;
The morning dewy, raptured.
The clover fragrance in the air;
The hours so drowsy, sunny;
And all that makes an orchard fair
We've mingled with our honey.

"The cricket lent his piping song,
The bobolink his chorus,
The bumble-bee slow droned along
And dropped his pollen o'er us.
The clouds, amid the tender blue,
Poised lightly to caress us.
The stars, the musky darkness through,
Crept close, with peace to bless us.

"Partake, nor fear to strip each limb
Of ruddy, wholesome treasure,
Till all the bins and barrels brim
With Nature's heaping measure;
And as you eat, when snowflakes fly
And gusts are sharply winging,
You'll see the depth of summer sky,
And hear the robins singing."

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Long-Distance Wooing of Wu

How the Chinese Minister at Washington, Wu Ting-fang, secured, when a young man and about to be married, the unusual privilege of seeing, before the wedding-day, the girl who was to be his wife, was told by him to several friends a few days ago.

"In China our young men do not select wives for themselves, but leave it to their parents," said he.

"We know that our parents want us to be happy and we are willing to let them judge who will make a good wife. The young man is never permitted to see, before the ceremony, the one whom he is to marry.

"We have few unhappy marriages in China, and perhaps that is because we do not spend all the affection before marriage, as it seems to me the young people in America sometimes do.

"I was very anxious to see the girl my parents had chosen for me, but they told me it would be impossible to have an interview or even a formal meeting, and that I could not even see her. But after I had begged very hard they finally consented to let me have one look at her, and the permission overjoyed me.

"So, one day, I sat by a window, behind a blind which entirely hid me. After waiting a long time, three young women came down the street, and I was told that one of them was to be my future wife.

"'But which one? Which one is she?' I demanded eagerly, and when I was told that it was the one on the outside I looked at her harder and with greater delight than I ever looked at anything else either before or since."

The Minister was silent for a few moments, and his mind was evidently busy with the pleasant past. Then he said with a half-chuckle:

"What I was curious to know, but couldn't find out, was whether the future Mrs. Wu knew I was looking at her. Oh, it was entirely contrary to Chinese etiquette—entirely—but I shall never forget how happy I felt as my bride-to-be came so prettily up the street!"

Depew's Tale of a Modest Reporter

"English newspaper men are different from those of America," said Senator Chauncey M. Depew a few days ago; and then he told one of the experiences of a well-known American lecturer abroad. The lecturer was sitting in his room in one of the London hotels when a card was brought to him announcing a representative of one of the London dailies.

In a few moments he appeared. He was a tall, diffident-looking chap, and bowed with quiet reserve in response to the lecturer's greeting.

"Are you Mr. Blank, the famous American lecturer?" he said stiffly.

"I am Mr. Blank," said the American.

"Well, Mr. Blank, my editor wishes me to get a statement from you as to all your beliefs, and what you expect to lecture about, and the ideas you are to promulgate."

The American had asked the interviewer to be seated, but the young man remained standing, as if determined first to finish all preliminaries. The lecturer turned to the open grate fire, and, as he answered, he stooped over and punctuated his remarks with jabs with the poker at the blazing coals.

"Well," he said, in his bluff, hearty way, "I don't know that I've got anything especially important or interesting to tell you" (here he gave several jabs), "but I'll try to give you something or other. But sit down, sit down!"

He turned, ready to talk for half an hour, but the room was empty—the interviewer had quietly left on hearing that he "didn't know that he had anything to tell."

The methods of Senator Depew himself with newspaper men (and no man in the country is so popular with them) are well illustrated by an incident that recently occurred. A reporter called at his home, sent in his card, and was ushered into the library. In a moment the Senator came in, dressed in evening clothes.

"I am due at a dinner, and my carriage is waiting at the door, but what do you want me to talk about?" he said pleasantly. The reporter told him. It was a subject that required broad and special knowledge, and he had scarcely a hope that even Mr. Depew could give an interview without looking up data, and he knew that there was no time for the Senator to do that.

"How many words do you want to print?" said the Senator.

"About five hundred," said the reporter.

Instantly the Senator began. He talked swiftly, with full knowledge of the subject, and with sentences and ideas logically balanced and complete. He knew, too, how much would give the reporter his five hundred words, and then, rounding up his talk, bade him a quick good-night and hurried into his carriage.

Gave a Dress to Colonel Hilder

Two men who have been doing notable work as attachés of the United States Bureau of Ethnology are Dr. J. W. Fewkes, a native of New England, and Colonel Hilder, an Englishman, and formerly of the British Army.

Doctor Fewkes has been connected with the Bureau of Ethnology for several years. He has made exhaustive researches among the Moqui Indians and is planning a volume concerning their customs, their origin, their strange worships, and their queer dwellings, which considerably resemble those of the Cliff Dwellers.

Doctor Fewkes believes that, among recent events, the one that is likely to prove of the greatest value to science is the American occupation of the Philippines, as it is likely to be a genuine "find" to scientists in all branches of research, because, in regard to the many tribes on the islands, practically nothing is known, and when we send out a corps of scientists to investigate they will certainly make valuable discoveries.

Colonel Hilder has seen much service in the British Army, having fought in almost every quarter of the globe. He has the distinction of having been on the field at the relief of Lucknow. Colonel Hilder married an American woman and has finally thrown in his lot with American scientific workers. From his recent expedition to the Philippines he returned with a wide variety of specimens relating to anthropology, geology, biology, ethnology and other branches. He said on his return:

"I found that there had already been thirty thousand collectors and explorers ahead of me. I mean that every American soldier in the United States Army, over there, is investigating and collecting on his own hook. However, their work may be useful."

Colonel Hilder prizes most highly a magnificent native costume of a Filipino lady of rank. He was invited to dine with one of the most exclusive native Filipino families, and the hostess, knowing of his researches, questioned him about them. The Colonel told her that he had been unable to obtain a lady's costume, whereupon she ordered to be brought out one which had just been made for herself. This she presented to the Colonel. It is made of native silk, embroidered with gold threads and studded with native gems.

Lord Russell and the American Bar

Among the late Lord Russell of Killowen's many American friends was his fellow-lawyer, also a diplomatist, Honorable Wayne MacVeagh. The association began at Homburg in very old days; and Lord Russell, who was an observer of the effects that temperaments have on each other, used to say that Mr. MacVeagh made him talk and laugh more loudly than did any one else.

"Whose is that noisy table?" the Prince of Wales asked, a little enviously, one day. Presentations followed. It was the future Lord Chief Justice's first introduction to the Prince, and the beginning of a long and kind acquaintanceship.

In later years, when Mr. MacVeagh was American Ambassador in Rome, he had great pleasure in entertaining, in his own particularly agreeable fashion, the English visitors whom he knew, and Lord and Lady Russell and their family were among the number.

Lord Russell, who had made more speeches than almost any other man, wished to make one speech more, but was disappointed. The occasion was that of the banquet to the American Bar, arranged for in London about three weeks before his death. The American Bar and the Lord Chief Justice of England knew each other pretty well. To illustrate the different scale of things in the legal world of the two countries, Lord Russell used to say that he (one of a score or so of English judges) had made the personal acquaintance of seven hundred judges in the States and of twice that number of barristers. The organizers of the banquet, both English and American, strongly wished that the toast of the American Bar should have Lord Russell as its proposer. He expressed his readiness, but suggested that the Lord Chancellor, as his senior, should have the first offer. Lord Halsbury accepted it.

That speech, proposing the American Bar, would have been Lord Russell's final appearance as an orator. Etiquette prevented its delivery for the moment; and death then decided that it should not be held over for another occasion, as the Chief Justice thought it might be.

How Huntington Helped the Green Youth

The late Mr. Collis P. Huntington, the multi-millionaire, was a hard man for reporters to reach, or to get an interview from even after being seen. A few years ago a new reporter was assigned to see him and was given no warning as to the difficulty of the task. In an outer room a youthful clerk kept him waiting half an hour. Mr. Huntington was busy.

"You tell Mr. Huntington," said the reporter, "that unless I see him at once I'll go away." He had a vague and uncertain idea of Mr. Huntington's standing in the business world.

In less than a minute the clerk returned, saying, "Mr. Huntington asks that you step in." As the newspaper worker stepped in, the millionaire looked at him over his spectacles. "Well?" said he.

When the object of the call was explained—which was to get details of a railroad deal involving millions—Mr. Huntington looked at his questioner curiously, for the reporter was boyish in appearance and a bit timid besides. Just a moment the railroad man waited; then he began an elaborate account of railroads and stocks. His hearer saw that he could never understand what was being told him.

"Excuse me," he interrupted, "but will you do me a favor? You see, I've only been connected with a newspaper a few days. Will you be so kind as to write me a few lines on this consolidation, so that I can study it out?"

Mr. Huntington looked at him again over his glasses. Then, without a word, he turned and wrote on a piece of paper that lay on his desk—wrote for fifteen minutes.

The story got in the paper that same day, almost as Mr. Huntington had written it. The next day the reporter was complimented for his good work by the city editor. He had secured an interview with the railroad king where veterans had failed.

"Teddy"

Allen Reginald Gross

A LADY SLIPPER

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

"Seems like I smell somethin' good

ON THAT particular night in June it pleased Miss Emily Stuart to be gracious to Nelson Spencer. Robert Curtis was away, attending court at the county seat, and really when one is young and beautiful and a woman, it is absolutely necessary that there should be some person upon whom to try one's charms. So the lady was gracious to her ardent, but oft rejected, lover. She was sitting on the step of the high veranda and he a little below her. Her tiny foot, shod in the daintiest of slippers, swung dangerously near him. She knew that he was looking admiringly at the glimpse of pointed toe which now and then he got from beneath her skirt, and it pleased her. She was rather proud of that pretty aristocratic foot of hers, not so much because it was pretty and aristocratic as because it was hereditary in the family and belonged by right of birth to all the Stuarts.

It was a warm, soft night, a night just suited for love and dreams. The sky like a blue-black cup inverted seemed pouring a shower of gems upon the earth, and the breeze was laden with the sweet smell of honeysuckle and the heavier odor of magnolia blossoms.

They were not talking much because it wasn't worth while. After an extended period of silence he looked up at her and sighed, perhaps because he wanted to, maybe because he couldn't help it.

"What are you sighing for?" she asked.

"Oh, just at the beauty of things."

"Why, that should make you smile."

"Not always. If there is sometimes a grief too deep for tears, there is at others a joy too great for smiles.'

"You ought to have been a poet, Nelson, you are so sentimental."

"Spare me that."

No, I shall not. You are sentimental to the last degree."

"Oh, well, I may be; if it is sentimentality to be willing to grovel in the dirt for a lady's slipper, then I am sentimental." Emily Stuart laughed.

'You know you would look very ridiculous groveling in the dirt. Would you really do it for my slipper?'"

"Yes."

"I'll put you to the test, then; you shall have my slipper when I see you grovel."

He hesitated. "What," she laughed, "am I too literal?"

"No," he said; "I mean what I say," and he leaped from the porch to the road beyond and fell upon his knees in the dust of the carriage-way.

The spectacle amused Emily and disgusted her no little. A woman pretends that she wants a man to abase himself before her, but she never forgives him if he does. While he knelt there in the road she thought how differently Robert would have acted under the circumstances. Instead of groveling, he probably would have said, "I'll be hanged if I do," and she rather liked the thought of his saying that. She knew that so far as brains went, Robert could not compare with Nelson; she knew, too, that the wisest man has the greatest capacity for making a fool of himself.

After an interval, Nelson arose from his position and came back to the veranda.

"I claim my reward," he said.

"Do you think you can rightly call that grovelling?'

"Yes, without a doubt."

"Then you shall not go unrewarded," and, turning, she went into the house to return with a slipper, a dainty little beribboned thing, which she handed to him. She was quite used to his extravagant protestations, and only thought to put a light significance upon his words. She was unprepared, then, to see him put the slipper into his pocket as if he really meant to keep it.

The evening passed away, and though they talked much, no reference was made to the slipper until he rose to go. Then Emily said, "Has your desire for my slipper been sufficiently satisfied?"

'Oh, no," he replied, "I shall keep this as the outward sign and the reward of my abasement."

"You are really not going to keep it?"

"Oh, but I am. You gave it to me."

"I did not mean it in that way.

"The sight of me groveling there in the road I gave you to remember for all time, and the gift that I ask in return is a permanent one."

And it is of no use for me to argue with you?"

"None."

"Nor plead?"

"No."

"Very well," said Emily with a vain effort at calmness, "I wish you joy of your treasure. Good-night," and she went into the house. But she watched from behind the curtain until he was quite gone; then she came flying out again and made her way hastily toward the quarters whither she knew maid Dely had gone to spend the evening. When she had brought her to the big house, she exclaimed breathlessly:

"Oh, Dely, Dely, I am in such trouble!"

"Do tell me what is de mattah now."

"Oh, Nelson Spencer has been here and——"

"Miss Em'ly," Dely broke in, "you been ca'in' on wid dat man agin?"

"Why, Dely, how can you say such a thing? Carrying on, indeed! I was only trying to put him in his place by making him ridiculous, but I gave him my slipper, and he—he kept it.'

'He got yo' slippah? Miss Em'ly, don' tell me dat.'

"Oh, what shall I do, Dely, what shall I do? Suppose Robert should go there and see it on his bureau or somewhere—you know they are such friends—what would he say? He'd be bound to recognize it, you know. They're the ones with the silver buckles and satin bows that he liked so well. One could never explain to Robert; he's so impetuous. Dely, don't stand there that way. You must help me."

"What shell I do, Miss Em'ly? I reckon you'd bettah go an' have yo' pa frail dat slippah outen him."

"What? Papa? Why, I wouldn't have him to know anything about it for the world."

"Why, it ain't yo' fault, Miss Em'ly; you in de rights of de thing."

"Oh, yes, yes, I know, but a thing like that is so hard to explain. Dely, you must get that slipper."

"How I'm goin' to?"

"I don't know how; you'll have to find some way. You'll find some way to get it before Robert comes. You will won't you, Dely?"

'When do Mas' Robert come?"

"He'll surely be home in a couple of days."

"An' he's mighty cu'ious, ain't he?"

'If he should happen to come across that slipper in Nelson Spencer's room, all would be over between us. Oh, Dely, you must find some way."

"Mas' Nelson Spencah is right sma't boas'ful, ain't he?"

"O' Dely."

"You don't reckon he'd show it to Mas' Robert, do you?"

"Dely, you're saying everything to frighten me; don't talk that way.

'Miss Em'ly, de truth is de light; but nevah min', I'll try an' git dat slippah fu' you.'

"Oh, Dely, and you shall have that blue sprigged muslin dress of mine you liked so much."

Dely's eyes gleamed but she answered, "Nevah you mine about de dress, Miss Em'ly. What we wants is de slippah," and the maid departed to think.

For a long while she thought of everything she knew, and canvassed every resource within her power. Of course, she might make love to Harry, Spencer's valet, and have him get the prize for her, but then she knew that Ike would be sure to find that out and get angry with her. She might appeal to Carrie, one of the Spencer household, but she knew that Carrie hated her and would do anything rather than gratify her slightest wish, for Carrie herself had an eye on Ike. Then might she not steal it herself? But how to effect an entrance to the room of her mistress's enemy?

"Lawd bless me," she exclaimed suddenly, her eyes brightening, "I done fu'git young Mas' Roger. I spec he'll be snoopin' roun' some place to-morrer.'

Now Dely knew that Nelson Spencer had a brother, a reckless, disobedient boy, who had just arrived at the unspeakable age. Something in this knowledge, or rather in the sudden recollection, sent her flying to the kitchen, where for something over two hours she braved Aunt Hester's maledictions while she baked heap upon heap of crisp sweet cakes.

When, hot and tired, she had finished and placed them in a cloth covered jar, she chuckled to herself with the remark, "Now, ef dat don't fetch dat slippah, I reckon Miss Em'ly bettah look out fu' anothah gallant; but I know dat boy."

On the following morning, the maid, carrying a bulging bag, wandered out in the direction of the Spencer place, hoping to meet young Roger somewhere in the open air, on his pony or nosing about the woods on foot. She had said that she knew that boy, and she did. Roger was a boy with a precocious appetite. He might be backward in everything else, but his ability to consume food was large beyond his years. He lived to eat. He went into the house to browse and came out of it to forage. He was insatiable. When kitchen and orchard had done their part in vain, he had recourse to roots of the field and strange, unaccountable plants which would have proved his death but for the intervention of that Providence which is popularly supposed to take care of three certain irresponsible classes of humanity.

Dely was not mistaken in thinking he would be "snooping about" somewhere, for it was not long before she saw him walking along the road, munching an apple and looking for more food. She hastened to catch up with him and, like a sensible girl, approached him from the windward side.

"Howdy, Roger?" said Dely invitingly.

"Hullo, Dely."

'Whah you goin'?"

'I do' know; where are you goin'?" eying the bag. Dely must have put ginger into those sweet cakes and Roger's scent was keen.

"Oh, I'm jest walkin' arroun'."

"What you got in your bag?"

"Now jest listen at dat chile," exclaimed Dely with well feigned surprise and admiration. "Now who'd a thought you'd tek notice o' dis heah ol' bag. Nev' you min' what I got in dis bag."

"Seems like I smell somethin' good."

"Don' bothah me, Roger; I ain't got no time to fool wid you. Seems to me lak you always want to be eatin' somethin."

"Then it is eatin', Dely?

"Who said so? Dat's what I want to know, who said so?"

"Why, you did, you did, that's who," Roger cried gleefully.

"Did I? Well, la sakes! Who'd 'a' evah thought o' me givin' myself away dat away? I mus' be gittin' right rattle brained. I don' b'lieve I said it."

"Oh, yes, you did. Let's see, Dely. Do let's see."

"Oh, I dassent," said the dissembler. "Hits some'p'n fim."

Roger fairly danced with excitement. "Do, do," he pleaded; "just one little peep."

"I'm feared you'll want to eat some."

"Oh, no, I won't. Please let me look?"

Dely carefully opened the mouth of the bag and slowly inclined it toward the eager boy. Even before the brown beauty of the cakes broke on the boy's sight the fragrant odor of them had reached his nostrils. Then he saw them. Just one flash of russet and gold and the maid closed the bag with a jerk, but not before she was aware that she had a willing slave at her feet.

'Oh, Dely!" the boy gasped.

"Well, I mus' be gittin' 'long now.'

"Dely, just one. Oh, Dely!'

"Now what'd I tell you? Didn't I say you'd be wantin' one? I cain't stop to bothah wid you. Dese is luck cakes.'

"Luck cakes?" Roger's curiosity for the moment almost overcame his hunger. "What's luck cakes?"

(Concluded on Page 19)

"I think I have found it," she said

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Lion-Baiting as a Parlor Sport

IN MOST countries, but particularly in ours, celebrities are ill treated. The honesty and good nature that lead us to wrongly use them make it hard to protest, and they suffer in silence, often wishing that nature and circumstance had conferred on them the fate of obscurity and commonplace. To add to their distress they must acknowledge with hypocritical compliment the effort to amuse and honor them—and contrive colds and rheumatisms to escape the like in future. It is not merely that we tire them half to death with speeches, crowds, hand shaking and hubbaboo, that we drag them hither and yon, that we will not allow them to sit or rest, that we pay not the faintest attention to their preferences, so long as we can exercise our own; it is that they, accustomed to the best in their arts and callings, must be forced to endure what we can do in the worst

Is it a general who comes to town—one who has reviewed troops until he has wearied of the function? Turn out the militia, put him on a platform in the hot sun, and have him review again. How much better he might enjoy a picnic, a dinner, an hour at a club, a sail, a drive through the park, a visit to the seaside, a box at the theatre or the opera! But such a possibility never enters the minds of his captors. Does an orator or statesman consent to receive the plaudits of the people? For what buncombe eloquence of local politicians and social self-advertisers he must stand as target—he, the orator, to whom these amateur struggles are almost heart-rending! Is it a great musician who has arrived? Ah, what an opportunity for the Four Corners' Brass Band, the Jolly Brothers' Quartet, the Brewery Clerks' Singing Society to honor him by musical receptions and serenades! Every brazen blare, every discordant squall strikes him with keener suffering than other men can know from a like cause, for he is great by very reason of the delicacy of his sense of tone and expression.

In their home entertainments the lion hunters are just as inconsiderate. Here is the famous Maulstick, who has taken prizes at all the picture shows in the last ten years. What a chance to show off little Mamie's talent in drawing dogs, and little Henry's skill in modeling mud soldiers! How pleased he will be to discover these marks of genius! The popular poet or novelist is introduced before he has been in the house for an hour to the young hopeful who has such a gift for verse, and won't the great man listen to a few samples and tell the hopeful what a smart boy he is? What a price to pay for a dinner! The famous tragedian is driven almost wild by ambitious amateurs whom he encounters at receptions given in his honor and who recite, for his ear alone, though the whole company must pretend to be interested, Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night or Mary Had a Little Lamb. Can anything be more awful? And was thing ever devised more pretentiously, exquisitely wrong? The merchant would hardly expect to take lessons in business methods from his office boy, yet he opposes to the highest skill the crude and impossible performances of his own family, expecting nothing but applause from people who, as a moment's reflection ought to tell him, are bored, if not offended. Let your lion play and recreate himself. Cease from flattery a little. Feed him. A genius [illegible] accomplishment. Show him [illegible] points of greatness [illegible] accomplishments.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

All men are born equal, but they soon get over it.

The Typewriter as a Teacher

WITHIN the past twelve months nearly three million dollars' worth of American typewriters have been shipped to different parts of the world. There is scarcely a point where civilized man lives that does not hear the click of this indispensable machine. In the settlements at the extreme southern point of South America, in the mining camps of the Arctic circle, in the deserts of Africa, in the tents of the advancing armies, and all over the world, the sound is heard, and there must probably be, in the course of time, a universal language to express the universal emotions when something breaks or the ribbon gives out.

Four years ago this country did not send enough typewriters abroad to make a separate mention of them necessary, but since 1896 nearly ten million dollars' worth of them have been distributed over the face of the globe. Of course, there are a few typewriters made by other countries, but they do not count, for in no respect are they equal to the American product.

The value of the typewriter is so great and is demonstrated in so many directions that we often wonder how we got along without it. It expedites business, saves time and eyes, increases legibility and courtesy, and removes every excuse for bad spelling and punctuation.

One use of it that is sure to increase is in the education of children. The parents who give their boys and girls good typewriters present them with a year's education. In some of the things, such as spelling, punctuation and the right use of [illegible] an entire school faculty in itself. At present [illegible] rather high, but there must come a time when [illegible] or thirty dollars durable machines may be purchased for the use of boys and girls—machines equal in essential respects to those now in use, but without the costly attachments.

In some of the advanced public schools it has been found profitable to place typewriters for the use of the pupils. That is an excellent idea and, wherever the school funds can afford it, it will be well for the example to be followed.

The typewriter is not poetic, and it may be that the poor quality of poetry nowadays is due to the universality of this machine, but it has a usefulness to which the highest poetry can never aspire. It will go on increasing with the years. One of its missions undoubtedly is to reform the languages of the benighted nations. It may reduce the multitudinous characters of the Japanese and the Chinese to reasonable numbers. After a while it may lead to that general language which will be easily understood by all the nations.

By that time, too, there may come a noiseless roller which will allow a person to use the typewriter in the midnight hours without disturbing the neighbors

—LYNN ROBY MELKINS

From Germany, whose enterprising Emperor took a hint from the papers that issue midnight extras at six o'clock and proclaimed the beginning of the new century last January, comes the latest thing in the polite and pleasant art of warfare. Count von Waldersee is taking the field with a seven-room portable house, heat proof, cold proof, bullet-proof. It looks as if the fighting of the future would be war de luxe.

The Curious Creed of the Chinaman

THE war between China and Japan proved at least one thing—that there is almost a complete absence of anything like a national spirit among the Chinese as a people. The current events in China prove another thing—that there is no national spirit among the soldiery, and that the military system, as well as the administrative branches of the dynastic government, are as soft and spongy as punk wood. In one of Arthur Smith's delightful books on the Chinese people there is a description of a ruined temple that stands on a bank of the Pei ho, midway between Tien-Tsin and Peking. Half of this temple has been washed away. Below the ruins is arranged an elaborate barrier against the ravages of the river, composed of bundles of reeds, tied to stakes. Half of this has been tongued away by the floods that sweep wrathfully and remorselessly through the valley of the Pei-ho each year when the first creamy fuzz is on the rice fields. The river is half-silted up, the land lies exposed to inundation, and the nameless gods of the Chinese creed, squatting in the swart gloom of the rotting Joss-house, are at the whim of wind and water. This is a type of the condition of the Chinese Empire to day.

There are many characteristic reasons for this lack of solidarity among the Chinese people; but the most conspicuous is the elaborate system of responsibility that ramifies throughout the system of government and heads the extensive code of ethics by which the Chinese regulate the conduct of their every-day life. It is not difficult to trace the connection between the jellylike condition of Chinese national and civil life and the vicious and enervating principle that everybody is responsible, not only for his own acts, but also for the acts of somebody else. This condition accounts for the fact that an insignificant number of Manchu nobles are able to control the destiny of the empire and to dominate the people. To illustrate this principle, suppose that a pickpocket "lifts" a watch or purse in one of the streets of Canton or Peking. If the thief escapes with his booty, the shopkeepers and residents along the street are held responsible and will make good the loss.

Such a system, to the Western mind, is incomprehensible, but the Chinese—philosophers by instinct though they are—regard it as the logical working out of a natural fundamental law. The system extends even further. The Chinese are held responsible not only for human acts, but they are made to suffer for what the European regards as the acts of Providence. If a river rises in wrath and destroys life and property, the governor of the ill fated district is summoned before the viceroy to explain why he permitted the inundation. In the majority of cases the luckless official commits suicide rather than submit to the punishment and degradation that inevitably follow.

The highest officials are not immune from the workings of this law. Even the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, was stripped of his yellow jacket and peacock feather because he was so inconsiderate as to allow one of the Chinese rivers to overflow its banks. It was this same law of responsibility that was the cause of the large number of suicides of the naval officers who survived the disastrous battle of the Yalu River, when the ships of Japan annihilated the Chinese navy. The natural penalty of this law is death, and the Chinaman—whatever his caste—does not flinch from self-destruction. He takes life naturally, and it is a matter of little consequence whether that life be his own or that of a neighbor. He will hack off a man's head with as little concern as he cuts rice stalks, or he will slice a human being to pieces with a two-edged sword as composedly as a Yankee whittles a stick.

—J. N. HILLIARD.

Not all men in politics are good, but some of them are getting better.

New Words for New-Century Thoughts

"USE simple language," the critics say to us; "take the short words, construct simple sentences, drive straight at your thought." Good advice, it may be; excellent advice, indeed, for those who write contracts, receipts and bills of sale; but the critic usually aims his sayings at the heads of young persons who wish to become experts in literature. "Go to Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe and take pattern," continues Sir Oracle; "there you will find the true English style."

Now, to be firmly frank, is it not rather late in the day to look so wise while fumbling back in century dust for our criterions of taste and expression? Where did Mr. Bunyan Mr. Defoe or Mr. Addison get the right to set a pace for this age of steam, electricity and invention? We need not deny the thought value, or the fine qualities of style inherent in the works of those masters, we must make the most of them, but we might just as well say that Newton, Descartes, Leibnitz or La Place fixed the criterion of science, as to assume that Bunyan or Defoe set the limit of good English style

The larger truth is that language has grown and we have grown with it. We have a more flexible, fluent and versatile life, a broader reach of experience, and a far more complex knowledge of men, measures and forces than could be possible to writers a century, or two, or three, ago. The railroads, steamships, telegraphs and printing presses have done something for us

But in the matter of freshness the old fellows had the advantage of us. They did get the cream off the "milk of Paradise" and they did have the first tongue-touch of honey-dew. Instead of learning to mimic them, however, it is our constant worry, if we would be original, to avoid their manner. If you write like Addison you but play second fiddle, a thing not to be thought of in literature. Every person who aspires to be a writer must avoid, as he would avoid a serpent, the great and fascinating classic in his path, provided always that this avoidance shall be no more than full escape from imitation of thought or style.

We are all prone to be easily captivated by those dewy felicities of diction thrown off in the first wonder of discovery by the early birds of Literature's morning. The Greeks, the French balladists, Chaucer, Spenser, all of the joyous explorers in the wilderness of song and story, have a way of clutching us and holding us still. But we must move; we, too, must explore; and the classics must do no more than light us on our way. Enlightenment comes out of the past; that is why we should know the past with its beauties and its limitations. If the classics are models for us to imitate, how shall we keep pace with time? If Horace, or before him Pindar or Sappho, fixed the bounds of the ode, then there was no place for Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, or any other late ode-maker. The thing had already been perfected. But happily perfection in art is but a variable function of life As life changes, the function changes with it. When Greek life shifted from Athens to Alexandria, note how its literary art conformed to the conventional restrictions of an artificial environment.

The "return to Nature," in the best sense of the phrase, is what we should study for, and books are but lamps let fall by the wayside from dying hands. The one thing always fresh and original is Nature; there is your model; there is style; there the allurement of birth, growth, death and resurrection; there you shall find form, force, mobility, color, atmosphere, perspective, in endless variety and shade of feeling. Fill your soul with books and Nature, then look within and write—if by no possibility you can be persuaded to follow some useful and remunerative trade!

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Great battles, great causes have been lost a hundred times through changes in the weather; and history repeats itself. The gay battalions of the Shirt-waist Man—aggressive, all-conquering a week ago—have disappeared. During these nipping nights their cause has wilted with the tomato vines. And note their thoughts turn traitorously to over coats, and about them clings the faint, familiar smell of camphor. Their enemies have all the argument, for no man can wax enthusiastic in defense of his abstract right to be cool while he is putting in his winter coal.

JUDGE R. C. RUST

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

GOVERNOR H. T. GAGE

A Growing Commerce that Reaches Most of the World

The visitors who crowded the San Francisco hotels were told that the harbor—which is one of the most beautiful in the world—was already congested by its commerce. Over a hundred ships a week leave or arrive at San Francisco. The other day there was launched in Philadelphia a good ton ship for plying between San Francisco and Australian and the other Eastern ports. We have before us the latest commercial paper of San Francisco, and it gives a list of exports on ships that sailed during the week. It contains over one hundred and fifty items, naming almost every article, from seed to live stock, and with rather large figures of the various forms of alcoholic drinks. To China, for instance, thirty-six different kinds of goods were exported, including beans, flour, beer, groceries, lard, wine, sauerkraut and pianos, while to Japan were sent agricultural implements, canned goods, flour, printing materials, paper and whiskey. In addition to these countries goods were shipped to the following places: Singapore, Bombay, Sourabaya, Manila (the invoice included five typewriters), Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, Corea, Vladivostok, Samarang, Sydney, Calla, and numerous other unfamiliar or distant places, including South American ports. In passing, it is interesting to note that to nearly all of these places American canned goods and American liquors formed large parts of the cargoes. This does not give a complete idea of the great commerce of the Pacific Coast. There are large lumber fleets. Some of the biggest sailing vessels of the world ply between San Francisco and other ports. The steamships are enormous carriers, and still larger ones are being built. Only the other day wheat was shipped to South America, and during one month of this summer nearly 100,000 barrels of flour were sent to Japan, Asia and the Philippines. Taking all the figures together, we simply begin to realize not only the greatness but the increasing greatness of the Pacific slope.

The Wonder State of the West

This week California has been celebrating the semi-centennial of her admission into the Sisterhood of States. The country was discovered by Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the Spanish service, in 1542. Sir Francis Drake arrived later and called it New Albion. Two hundred years afterward the Franciscan fathers planted a mission at San Diego and for over seventy years Spanish power was supreme. In the forties of this century this power had its downfall, and in 1847 the Mexican forces were driven out of the country. A year later gold was discovered, and then began the great rush. In October, 1849, a constitution was framed by a convention and the same year ratified by the people. The State was admitted to the Union on September 9, 1850.

The celebration of this event was on the generous scale which is characteristic of the California people. A fund of $50,000 was raised and there were great times all through the State, but mainly in San Francisco, where the Native Sons held splendid functions. Some of them arrived in special trains with their families and friends, and the "Native Sons' Special" from Los Angeles was loaded with flowers, fruits, wines and hospitality, all of which added to the brilliancy and gayety of the week. To the great ball which was held last Tuesday more than twelve thousand persons were invited, and there were souvenir programs which will be treasured for generations to come. Judge R. C. Rust, the Grand President of the Order of the Native Sons, was the conspicuous figure of the day. The celebration continued from Friday until the early hours of Wednesday morning. In addition to this, there were sports on land and sea—fleets of expensive yachts, contests for rich prizes, and gorgeous floats, one of which, representing the Mother Chapter of the Native Sons, was drawn by six white horses. For weeks to come this event will be commented upon in the press of the Pacific Coast and gradually the greatness of it will be appreciated by the Eastern newspapers.

In observing a great event so splendidly California shows her leadership in modern enterprise. Every State has its special eminence, and there are many States which claim to be first. So they are in some totals and in certain directions, but it is not amiss to admit all these claims and then to say that California is the wonder State of the Union.

Great in Size and Products

In the first place, California has a coast-line of more than seven hundred miles—a stretch of ocean front that would reach from Boston to Carolina. It has an average breadth of two hundred miles, which gives it an area of considerably over one hundred million acres, or about the combined extent of all New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Within these borders there are various kinds of climate, marvelous diversities in soil and products, and conditions that excite interest and wonder. The census of this year shows that the State has increased rapidly in population; that it has taken higher rank in the value of agricultural crops; that it is first in vine culture, and that it has made most astonishing progress in manufactures.

We of the East look upon California as a place where the people live upon the gold produced from its mines. The old impressions of the days of '49 remain. But in the wealth of the modern California gold plays a small part, although since it was discovered, in 1848, the State has yielded more than one and one-third billions of it for the world. But in these modern days gold has to take a back seat. It is true that the State furnishes about $12,000,000 worth of it a year, but even hay exceeds it by $10,000,000, and agriculture in general pays nearly five dollars where it pays one. When we come to manufactures, we find that gold is almost a bagatelle compared to their figures, and it was fitting that in the semi-centennial of the State one of the features of the week should have been the launching of the battleship Wyoming from the same yards that built the Oregon and the Olympia.

A Billion Dollars in Farms

Within the half century the value of California farms has increased nearly a billion dollars. Between 1880 and 1890 alone the percentage of increase was one hundred and sixty-six per cent. Since then it has continued. All the gold fields, all the silver mines, and all the rest of the wealth put together do not equal the riches of the farming lands.

And yet, great as this may seem, it is only the beginning of a development that may add another billion within the space of a generation. In 1897 and 1898 there was a great drought in California. According to the President of the Business Association of San Francisco, the loss which it entailed was at least $40,000,000. "At the same time," he said, "there went to waste in this State sufficient water to irrigate every acre of this vast commonwealth."

The Miracles Wrought by Irrigation

Here we come to the wonderful story of irrigation in California. Already $30,000,000 has been expended in saving the water and carrying it to the arid areas, in order to force them into fertility. The results have been extraordinary. In Southern California, where deserts formerly rested beneath the sun and resisted all the efforts of man, are fragrant groves of oranges and other citrus fruits, with some of the most beautiful homes in any part of the world. It has all been brought about by irrigation, giving to the soil the moisture that it needed.

An instance of this is found at Riverside, and we quote from a recent volume by Mr. William E. Smythe, who was one of the officers of the National Irrigation Congress, and who, in writing upon The Conquest of Arid America, cites this instance: "In the experience of Riverside we may see the commercial romance of irrigation in its most striking form. An original sheep pasture assessed at seventy-five cents an acre sold readily at twenty-five dollars an acre when irrigation facilities had been supplied. While this represented a handsome profit to the original investors, it was extremely moderate compared to the returns which the second purchaser realized. A few years later the improved lands sold for prices ranging from three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre. The improved orange orchards which had been evolved from the sheep pasture were valued and actually sold at one thousand to two thousand dollars per acre. There have been years when the best of them earned a profit of fifty per cent. on the higher figure."

It need only be added that from these lands, which were formerly arid, four thousand carloads of oranges are shipped every year, realizing for their growers one million and a half of dollars.

This is the evolution or the revolution which has been going on and which is going on in the great stretches of Lower California. Not in the whole world are there such records of change and growth, and it is to be doubted if anywhere on earth better, brighter or more lovable people could be found, for, with all their increase in material things, they have maintained the graces of the best social advancement.

A Leader in Education

It stands to reason that a people who have shown such wonderful progress and such high intelligence in material things should not lag behind in education. Of all the Native Sons who took part in the great celebration this week, every one could read and write, and most of them had a college education. In its higher facilities California is equal to the best. It is one of the States in which the school buildings are prominent for their size and their excellence, and over each one of them the Stars and Stripes are hoisted every school day.

Nearly all the children attend school. Outside of the foreign population there is practically no illiteracy in the State. So well has the system been perfected that the student ascends on easy steps to university life; and when he reaches that stage of his career he has two of the very best institutions in the world to select from—either the University of California, which has come into recent affluence through the munificence of Mrs. Hearst, or the Leland Stanford Jr. University, which, through the generosity of another California woman, Mrs. Stanford, is the richest educational institution in the world.

The Stanford University has twelve hundred students, and the University of California has over twenty-five hundred, and in each case the number is increasing. Indeed, to such a high standard have they been brought that both of them have students from the far East, while in completeness of their buildings and the ability of their faculties they stand equal to the best in the United States.

In addition to all this are numerous excellent schools, including thirteen other colleges, a school for engineering, four theological schools, three schools of law, one of medicine, a scientific institution and ten excellent normal schools and departments.

Naturally, where the women have been so generous toward education, women have secured larger rights in educational advantages, and in no State are the privileges so equal as in California. There ability is the test, without regard to sex, and thus we have it that the modern California woman is one of the best products of the century, one of the noblest ideals in a country which has produced the best of the womankind of the world.

The Present Only a Suggestion of the Future

In the same book from which we have quoted Mr. Smythe says that, while California has a population of only about one million and a quarter, it has a territory nearly as large as that of France, and he adds: "It is inferior to France neither in climate, soil, natural resources nor seacoast, and its capacity for sustaining a dense population is fully as great as that of the European Republic. The latter supports more than thirty-eight millions."

In these tremendous possibilities is to be seen the future of California more clearly than any language could express.

Already she has practically everything for the support of a great empire, and she is certainly adding the fruits, the flowers and the cereals of every part of the world. For instance, as this is being read the first crop of Smyrna figs ever grown on the Western Hemisphere is ripening in California.

In the recent census race San Francisco boasted that it was the only city that underestimated its population. In ten years it gained nearly forty-four thousand, and never was its growth so rapid and so substantial as at present. The exciting events in the far East, the increase of American interests in the Pacific, and all the demands of the new trade magnify the importance of California's largest seaport. Great as the mining interests and the agricultural possessions of the State are, its commerce is sure to become a larger factor in the trade of the world, and it will be remembered in the future that, of all countries and states on earth, California was first to establish a College of Commerce, which is now in successful operation in the University of California.

The Eagle's Heart

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLEY, ETC.

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"Anyhow, I want you to understand that I'm much obliged for your good will"

PART III—FOURTH CHAPTER

THE EAGLE GUARDS THE SHEEP

BESIDE the buggy Cora and Mrs. Reynolds had spread a substantial luncheon, and in such humble company the victor of the tournament ate his dinner, while Dan and the rest galloped off to a saloon.

"I don't know what I can do with the gun," he said in reply to a question from Cora. "My nerves are still on the jump; I guess I'll keep out of the contest—it would hurt my reputation to miss." He turned to Reynolds: "Capt'n, I want you to get me a chance to punch cattle on a car down to Chicago."

Reynolds looked surprised. "What for do you want to go to Chicago, Mose? I never have knew you to mention hit befo'."

Mose felt his skin growing red. "Well, I just thought I'd like to take a turn in the States and see the elephant."

"You'll see the hull circus if you go to Chicago," said Mrs. Reynolds. "They say it's a terrible wicked place."

"I don't suppose it's any worse than Wagon Wheel, ma," said Cora.

"Yes, but it's so much bigger."

"Well, mother," said Reynolds, "a b'ar is bigger than a bo'net, but the bo'net can give him points and beat him, suah thing."

Mose was rather glad of this diversion, for when Reynolds spoke again it was to say: "I reckon I can fix it for you. When do you want it?"

"Right off—this week."

"Be gone long?"

Corn waited anxiously for his answer, and his hesitation and uncertainty of tone made her heart grow heavy.

"Oh, no—only a short trip, I reckon. Got to get back before my money gives out."

He did not intend to enter the revolver contest, but it offered so easy to his hand that he went in and won hands down. His arm was lame, but his nerves, not fevered by whiskey, swiftly recovered tone. He was careful, however, not to go beyond the limits of the contest as he should have done had his arm possessed all of its proper cunning. He had no real competitor but Dan, who had been drinking steadily all day and was unfitted for his work. Mose lost nothing in the trial.

That night he put into his pocket one hundred and twenty dollars as the result of his day's work, and immediately asked to be relieved of his duties as guard.

The manager of the Express Company said: "I'm sorry you're leaving us, and I hope you'll return to us soon. I'll hold the place open for you, if you say so."

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16.

Thus Mose refused. "I don't like it," he said. "I don't think I earn the money. Hire a good driver and he'll have no trouble. You don't need me."

Mindful of his promise to eat dinner with the Princess, he said to Reynolds: "Don't wait for me. Go on. I will overtake you at Twelve Mile Creek."

The Princess had not lost sight of him for a single moment, and the instant he departed from his friends she drove up. "You are to come to my house to-night, remember."

"I must overtake my folks; I can't stay long," he said lamely.

Her power was augmented by her home. He had expected pictures and fine carpets and a piano, and they were there, but there was a great deal more. He perceived a richness of effect, but he could not have formulated the idea better than to say, "It was all *fine*." He had expected things to be costly and gay of color, but this mysterious fitness of everything was a marvel to one like himself, used only to the meagre ornaments of the homes in Rock River, or the threadbare poverty of the ranches and the squalid hotels of the cow country. The house was a large new frame building, not so much different from other houses with respect to exterior, but as he entered the door he took off his hat to it as he used to do as a lad in the home of Banker Brooks, deacon in his father's church.

His was a sensitive soul; eye and ear were both acute. He perceived, without accounting for it, that the walls and hangings were complementary in color, that the furniture matched the carpet, and that the pictures on the wall were unusually good. They were not all highly colored, gaudy subjects, as he had been led to expect. His respect for Mrs. Raimon rose, for he remembered that Mary's home, while just as different from this as Mary was different from Mrs. Raimon, had, after all, something in common—both were beautiful to him, though Mary's home was sweeter, daintier and homelier. He was in the midst of an analysis of these subtleties when Mrs. Raimon (as he now determined to call her) returned from changing her dress.

He was amazed at the change in her. She wore a dark-gray gown with almost no ornament, and looked smaller, older and paler, but incomparably more winning and womanly than she had ever seemed before. She appeared to be serious and her voice was gentle and winning.

"Well, boy, here you are—under my roof. Not so bad for a mining town, after all, is it?" she said with a smile.

"Beats a holler log in a snow-storm," he replied, looking about the room. "Must have shipped all this truck from the States; it never was built out here. It would take me a couple of months to earn a whole outfit like this, wouldn't it?"

She remained serious. "Mose, I want to tell you—"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted; "let's start fair. My name is Harold Excell, and I'm going to call you Mrs. Raimon."

She thrust out her hand. "Good boy!" He could see she was profoundly pleased indeed she could not at once resume. At last she said: "I was going to say, Harold, that you can't earn a home trailin' around over these mountains year after year with a band of Indians."

He became thoughtful. "I reckon you're right about that. I'm wasting time. I've got to picket old Kintuck somewhere and go to work if I——"

He stopped abruptly and she smiled mournfully. "You needn't hesitate; tell me all about it."

He sat in silence—a silence that at last became a rebuke. She arose. "Well, suppose we go out to supper; we can talk all the better there."

He felt out of place and self-conscious, but he gave little outward sign of it as he took his seat at the table opposite her. For reasons of her own she emphasized the domestic side of her life and fairly awed the stern youth by her womanly dignity and grace. The little table was set for two with pretty dishes. Liquor had no place on the cover, but a teapot, brought in by a smiling negress, was placed at Mrs. Raimon's right hand. Her talk for a time was of the tea, the food, his taste as to sugar, and other things pertaining to her duties as hostess. All his lurid imaginings of her faded into the wind, and a thousand new and old conceptions of wife and home and peaceful middle age came thronging like sober-colored birds. If she were playing a game it was well done. Mose fell often into silence and deep thought.

She respected his introspection, and busying herself with the service and with low-voiced orders to the waitress, left him free for a time.

Suddenly she turned. "You mustn't judge me by what people say outside. Judge me by what I am to you. I don't claim to be a Sunday-school teacher, but I average up pretty well, after all. I appear to a disadvantage. When Raimon died I took hold of his business out here and I've made it pay. I have a talent for business, and I like it. I've got enough to be silly with if I want to, but I intend to take care of myself—and I may even marry again. I can see you're deeply involved in a love affair, Mose, and I honestly want to help you—but I shan't say another word about it—only remember, when you need help you come to Martha Jane Williams Raimon. How is that for a name? It's mine; my father was Lawrence Todd Williams, professor of paleontology at Blank College. Raimon was an actor of the tenth rate—the kind that play leading business in the candlestick circuit. Naturally Doctor Todd objected to an actor as a son-in-law. I eloped. Launt was a good fellow, and we had a happy honeymoon, but he lost his health and came out here and invested in a mine. That brought me. I was always lucky, and we struck it—but the poor fellow didn't live long enough to enjoy it. You know all," she ended with a curious, forced lightness of utterance.

After another characteristic silence Mose said slowly: "Anyhow, I want you to understand that I'm much obliged for your good will. I'm not worth a cent at putting things in a smooth way; I think I'm getting worse every day, but you've been my friend, and—and there's no discount on my words when I tell you you've made me feel ashamed of myself to-day. From this time on I take no other man's judgment of a woman. You know my life—all there is that would interest you. I don't know how to talk to a woman—any kind of a woman—but no matter what I say, I don't mean to do anybody any harm. I'm getting a good deal like an Indian—I talk to make known what's on my mind. Since I was seventeen years of age I've let girls pretty well alone. The kind I meet alongside the trail don't interest me. When I was a boy I was glib enough, but I know a whole lot less now than I did then—that is, about some things. What I started to say is this: I'm mighty much obliged for what you've done for me here—but I'm going to pull out to-night——"

"Not for good?" she said.

"Well—that's beyond me. All I know is I've hit the longest and wildest trail I ever entered. Where it comes out at I don't know. But I shan't forget you; you've been a good friend to me."

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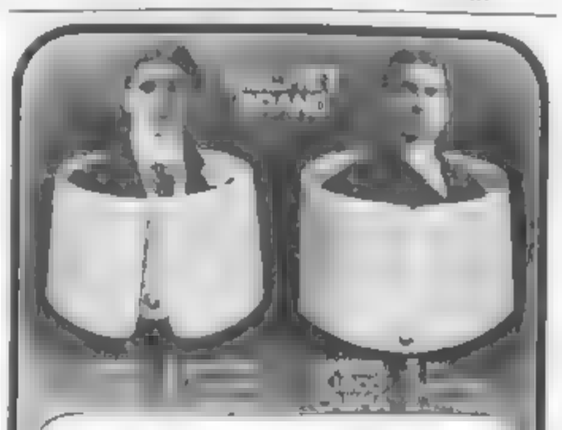

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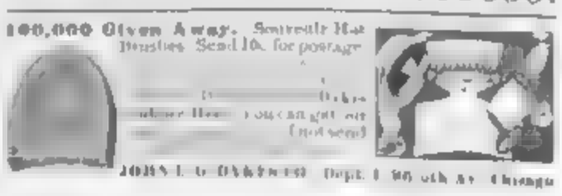

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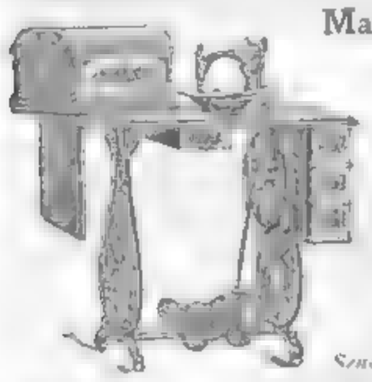

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Her voice faltered a little as she said "I wish you'd write to me and let me know how you are?"

"Oh, don't expect that of me. I chew my tongue like a ten-year-old kid when I write. I never was any good at it, and I'm clear out of it now. The chances are I'll round up in the mountains again; I can't see how I'd make a living anywhere else. If I come back this way I'll let you know."

Neither of them was eating now, and the tension was great. She knew that no artifice could keep him, and he was aware of her emotion and was eager to escape.

He pushed back his chair at last, and she arose and came toward him and took his hand, standing so close to him that she almost touched his shoulder.

"I hate to see you go!" she said, and the passionate tremor in her voice moved him very deeply. "You've brought back my interest in simple things—and life seems worth while when I'm with you."

He shook her hand and then dropped it. "Well, so long."

"So long!" she said, and added with another attempt at brightness: "And don't stay away too long, and don't fail to let me know when you make the circuit."

As he mounted his horse he remembered that there was another good-by to speak, and that was to Cora.

"I wish these women would let a man go without saying good-by at all," he thought in irritation, but the patter of Kentucky's feet set his thoughts in other directions. As he topped the divide he drew rein and looked at the great range to the southeast, lit by the dull red light of the sun, which had long since set to the settlers in the valley. His heart was for a moment divided between joys of the trail—the care-free life—perhaps after all, the family life was not for him. Perhaps he was chasing a mirage. He was on the divide of his life. On one side were the mountains, the camps, the cattle, the wild animals—on the other the plains, the cities and Mary.

The thought of Mary went deep. It took hold of the foundations of his thinking, and decided him. Shuddering with the pain and despair of his love he lifted rein and rode down into the deep shadow of the long cañon through which roared the swift waters of the North Fork on their long journey to the east and south. Thereafter he had no uncertainties. Like the water of the cañon he had but to go downward to the plain.

FIFTH CHAPTER—THE EAGLE

ADVENTURES INTO STRANGE LANDS

IT CANNOT be said that the Black Eagle of the Rocky Mountains approached civilization in any heroic guise. At its best, accompanying a cattle train is not epic in its largeness. To prod cattle by means of a long pole, to pull out smothered sheep are not in themselves degrading deeds, but they are not picturesque in quality. They smell of the shambles, not of the hills.

Day by day the train slid down the shining threads of track like a long string of rectangular green and brown and yellow beads. The caboose was filled with cattlemen and their assistants, who smoked, talked politics, told stories and slept at all hours of the day, whenever a spare segment of bench offered. Those who were awake saw everything and commented on everything in sight. To some the main questions were when and where they were to get dinner or secure a drink. The train being a "through freight" ran almost as steadily as a passenger train, and the thirsty souls became quite depressed or savage at times by lack of opportunities to "wet their whistles."

Mose was singularly silent, for he was re-living his boyish life on the plains and noting the changes which had taken place. The towns had grown gray with the bleach of the weather. Farms had multiplied and fences cut the range into pasture lands. As the mountains sank beneath the level horizon line his heart sank with them. Every hour of travel to the East was to him dangerous, disheartening. On the second day he was ready to leap from the caboose and wave it good-by, but he did not—he merely sat on the back platform and watched the track. He felt as if he were in one of those aerial buckets which descend like eagles from the mines in the Marshall Basin; the engine appeared to proceed eastward of its own weight, impossible to check or turn back.

The uncertainty of finding Mary in the millions of the city weakened his resolution, but as he was aboard and as the train slid while he pondered, descending remorselessly, he determined to "stay with it" as he would with a bucking bronco.

Kansas City, with its big depot sheds filled with clangor and swarming with emigrants, gave him a foretaste of Chicago. Two of his companions proceeded to get drunk and became so offensive that he was forced to cuff them into quiet. This depressed him also—he had no other defense but his hands. His revolvers were put away in his valise where they could not be reached in a hurry. Reynolds had said to him: "Now, Mose, you're going into a country where they settle things with fists, so leave your guns at home. Keep cool and don't mix in where there's no call to mix in. If a man gives you lip—walk off and leave him—don't hunt your guns."

Mose had also purchased a "hard" hat and shaved off his mustache in Cañon City, and Reynolds himself would not have known him as he sauntered about the station room. Every time he lifted his fingers to his bare lip he experienced a shock, and coming before a big mirror over the fireplace he stared with amazement—so boyish and so sorrowful did he appear to himself. It seemed as though he were playing a part.

As the train drew out of the town night was falling and the East grew mysterious as the thitherward side of the river of death. Familiar things were being left behind. Uncertainties thickened like the darkness. All night long the engine hooted and howled and jarred along through the deep darkness, and every time the train stopped the cattle and sheep were inspected. Lanterns held aloft disclosed cattle being trampled to death and sheep smothering. Wild shouting, oaths, broke forth accompanied by thumpings, and the rumbling and creaking of cars as the cattle surged to and fro—and at the end, circles of fire—lanterns signaling "go ahead"—caused a rush for the caboose.

Morning brought to light a land of small farms, with cattle in minute pastures, surrounded by stacks of hay and grain, plowed fields, threshing crews and teams plodding to and fro on dusty roads. The plainsman was gone, the prairie farmer filled the landscape. Towns thickened and grew larger. At noon the freight lay at a siding to let the express trains come in at a populous city, and in the wait Mose found time to pace the platform. The people were better dressed, the cowboy hat was absent, and nearly everybody wore not merely a coat but a vest and linen collar. Some lovely girls, looking crisp as Columbines

platform and watched the trout

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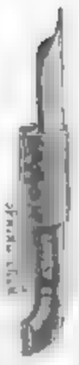

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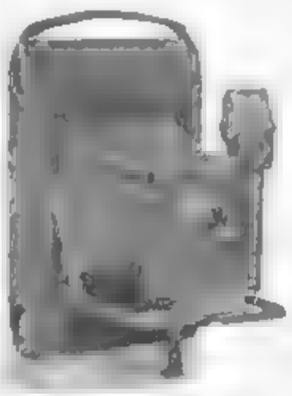

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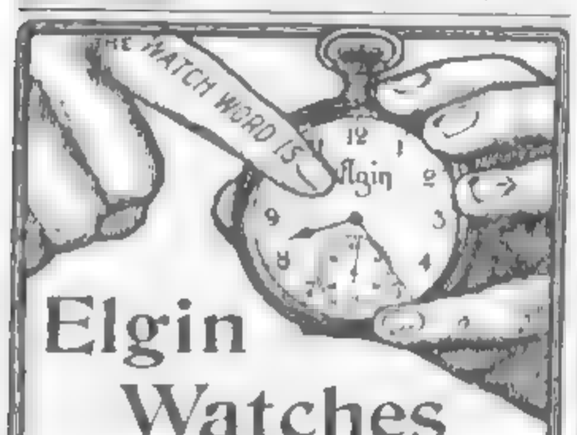

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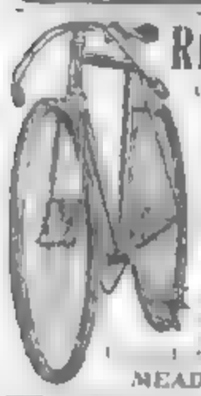

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or plains' poppies, looked at him from the doors of the parlor cars. They suggested Mary to him, of course, and made him realize how far he was getting from the range.

These dainty girls looked and acted like some of those he had seen in Cañon City and the Springs. They walked with the same step and held their dresses the same way. That must be the fashion, he thought. The men of the town were less solemn than plainsmen; they smiled oftener and they joked more easily. Mose wondered how so many of them made a living in one place. He heard one girl say to another, "Yes—but he's awful sad-looking, don't you think so?" and it was some minutes before he began to understand that they were talking about him. Then he wished he knew what else they had said.

There was little chance to see the towns, for the train whirled through them with furious jangle of bell and whiz of steam, or else drew up in the freight yard, a long way out from the station. When night fell on this, the third day, they were nearing the Great River and all the cattlemen were lamenting the fact. Those who had been over the line before said:

"Too bad, fellers! You'd ought to see the Mississippi; she's a hoo-hoo. The bridge, too, is worth seein'."

Night fell before they came in sight of the city. They were woefully behindhand and everything delayed them. After a hundred hesitations, succeeded by fierce forward dashes, after switching this way and that, they came to a final halt in a jungle of freight cars, a chaos of mysterious activities and a dense, hot, steaming atmosphere that oppressed and sickened the men from the mountains. Lanterns sparkled and looped and circled, and fierce cries arose. Engines snorted in sullen labor, charging to and fro, aimlessly it appeared. And all around cattle were bawling, sheep were pleading for release, and swine lifted their piercing protests against imprisonment.

"Here we are, in Chicago!" said McCleary, who always entered the city on that side. "Now, fellers, watch out for yourselves. Keep your hands on your wallets and don't blow out the electric light."

"Oh, shut up!" was their jocular reply.

"We're no spring chickens."

"You go up against this town, my boys, and you'll think you're just out o' the shell."

Mose said nothing. He had the indifferent air of a man who had often been to the metropolis and knew exactly what he wished to do.

It was after twelve o'clock when the crowd of noisy cattlemen tramped into the Drovers' Home, glad of a safe ending of their trip. They were all boisterous and all of them were in liquor except Harold, who drank nothing and remained silent and uncommunicative. He had been most efficient in all ways and McCleary was grateful and filled with admiration of him. He had taken him without knowing who he was, merely because Reynolds requested it, but he now said:

"Hank—you're a jim dandy; I want you. When you've had your spree here, you come back with me and I'll do the right thing by ye."

Harold thanked him in offhand phrase and went early to bed.

He had not slept in a hotel bed since the night in Marmion when Jack was with him, and the wonderful charm and mystery and passion of those two days, so intimately wrought in with memories of Mary, came back upon him now, keeping him awake till nearly dawn. He arose late and yet found only McCleary at breakfast; the other men had remained so long in the bar room that sleep and drunkenness came together.

After breakfast Harold wandered out into the street. To his left a hundred towers of dull gray smoke rose, and prodigious buildings set in empty spaces were like the cliffs of red stone in the Quarino. Beyond, great roofs thickened in the haze, farther on in that way lay Chicago, and somewhere in that welter, that tumult, that terror of the unknown, lived Mary.

With McCleary he took a car that galloped like a bronco, and started for the very heart of the mystery. As the crowds thickened, as the cars they met grew more heavily laden, McCleary said:

"Where are they all goin'? How do they all make a livin'?"

"That beats me," said Harold. "Seems as if they'd eat up all the grub in the world."

The older man sighed: "Well, I reckon they know what they're doin', but I'd hate to take my chances among 'em."

If any man had told Harold before he started that he would grow irresolute and weak in the presence of the city he would have bitterly resented it, but now the mass and weight of things hitherto unimagined appalled and bewildered him.

A profound melancholy settled over his heart as the smoke and gray light of the metropolis closed in over his head. For a half day he did little more than wander up and down Clark Street. His ears, acute as a hound's, took hold of every sound and attempted to identify it, just as his eyes seized and tried to understand the forms and faces of the swarming pavements. He felt his weakness as never before and it made him sullen and irritable. He acknowledged also the folly of thrusting himself into such a world, and had it not been for a certain tenacity of purpose which was beyond his will, he would have returned with his companions at the end of their riotous week.

Up till the day of their going he had made no effort to find Mary, but had merely loitered in the streets in the daytime, and at night had visited the cheap theatres, not knowing the good from the bad. The city grew each day more vast and more hateful to him. The mere thought of being forced to earn a living in such a mad tumult made him shudder. The day that McCleary started West Harold went to see him off, and after they had shaken hands for the last time Harold went to the ticket window and handed in his return coupon to the agent, saying, "I'd like to have you put that aside for me."

The agent smiled knowingly. "All right, what name?"

"Excell—'X.L.'; that's my brand."

"All right; she's right here any time you want her—inside of the thirty days—time runs out on the fifteenth."

"I savvy," said Harold as he turned away.

He disposed his money about his person in four or five small wads and, so fortified, faced the city. To lose his little fund would be like having his pack mule give out in the desert, and he took every precaution against such a calamity.

Nothing of this uncertainty and inner weakness appeared in his outward actions, however. No one accused him of looking like an "easy mark" or "a soft thing." The line of his lips and the lower of his strongly marked eyebrows made strangers slow of approach. He was never awkward, he could not be so any more than could a fox or a puma, but he was restless, irresolute, brooding and gloomy.

He moved down to another hotel where he was able to secure a room on the top floor for fifty cents a day. His meals he picked up wherever he chanced to be when he felt hungry. When weary with his wanderings he often returned to his seat on the sidewalk before the hotel and watched the people pass, finding in this a melancholy pleasure.

One evening the night clerk, a brisk young fellow, took a seat beside him. "This is a great corner for the girls, all right."

Mose turned a curious glance upon him. "If you wanted to find a party in this town how would you go at it?"

"Well, I'd try the directory first go-off. If I didn't find him there I'd write to some of his folks. If I didn't succeed then I'd try the police. What's his name?"

Harold ignored this query.

"Where could I try this directory?"

"There's one right in there on the desk."

"That big book?"

"Yes."

"Does it tell where everybody lives?"

"Well, no, but most everybody shows up in [illegible] somewhere," replied the clerk quite soberly.

Under the clerk's supervision Harold found the Yardwells, Thomas and James, but Mary's name did not appear. He turned to conservatories and located three or four, and, having made out a slip of information, set forth. The first one he found to be situated up several flights of stairs and was closed; so was the second. The third was in a brilliantly lighted building which towered high above the street. On the eighth floor in a small office a young girl with severe cast of countenance (and hair parted on one side) looked up from her writing and coldly inquired:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Is there a girl named Mary Yardwell in your school?" he asked with some effort, feeling a hot flush in his cheek—a sensation new to him.

"I don't think so; I'll look," replied the girl with business civility. She thumbed a book to see and at length replied, "No, sir, there is not."

"Much obliged."

"Not at all," replied the girl calmly, resuming her work.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KNOX'S GELATINE

I CHALLENGE competition on these statements: KNOX'S GELATINE is the pure calves' stock gelatine. It is transparent. It is granulated—measure with a spoon like sugar.

I will mail you FREE

My book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't get this, send 1 in 2 cent stamp.

For 5 cts. in stamps (to cover postage and packing), the book and full pint sample.

For 15 cts. the book and full 2-quart package (two for 25 cts.). Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

Beware of imitations of similar name

CHAS. B. KNOX, 53 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

DON'T tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old-fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of pure, refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor, is air-tight and acid-proof, is easily applied [illegible] a dozen other ways about the house.

Full directions with each pound cake.

For sale everywhere

Made by Standard Oil Co.

The "Royal Blue" Wickless Oil Stove

Burns vaporized kerosene at a cost of ½ cent an hour. Safe, simple, efficient. No odor or smoke. Will boil a gallon of water in 12 minutes; will roast a 6-lb. joint in an hour. Will cook anything. Add an oven and it will bake. Ready in two minutes. Costs only $3.75.

Catalogue A of Blue Flame Stoves and Ranges FREE

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Beautiful Watches:

Stunning effects in all the precious metals, silver, gun metal, etc.

Send for handsomely illustrated "Blue Book" Free

[illegible] New [illegible] Watch Co.

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—The sure result of feeding Green Cut Bone. You can cut it fast, fine and coarse with the original MANN'S NEW BONE CUTTER than in any other way. Do [illegible]

[illegible] post a plaything. Grit and Food Tonic, free.

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Learn Telegraphy For Railroad and Commercial Service. Typewriting Course. [illegible]

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Gives Healthful Heat Without Dirt and Saves a Woman Work

$4.00 to $10.00. Freight Paid

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And if not entirely satisfactory return at our expense and get your money back. Free trial on satisfactory reference. *Write to-day for illustrated booklet and testimonials.*

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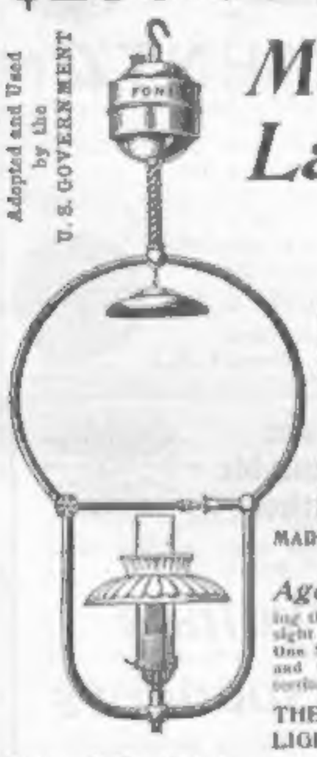

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They Pay for Themselves

Gives 50 to 100 Candle-power light at a cost of only

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The Western Penman Publishing Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

New Buggy, $26

Two ENORMOUS FACTORIES producing buggies by automatic machinery, from materials bought for cash. We sell direct and

Save Dealers' Profits

Can't stop running factories. ENORMOUS SACRIFICES on overstocked lines. Write immediately for SPECIAL OFFER.

Union Buggy Co., 36-46 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

Literary Folk—*Their* Ways *and* Their Work

IN A LITTLE box about eight by twelve, tacked high up on a rear corner of the Constitution Building and overlooking endless roofs and smokestacks and railroad tracks, at a desk which, with one chair, comprises the furniture, Frank L. Stanton sits from day to day inscribing those sweet songs he sends ringing around the world.

Serious and kindly as he sits there at his heavily littered desk, a stranger would be struck with the unlikeness of what have been given out as likenesses. None of these pictures that are going the rounds of the press is true. Not tall, but with broad shoulders and massive head, with black hair streaked with gray at forty-two, and a pair of deep, marvelous eyes, Mr. Stanton is an impressive figure. That exaggerated forelock and tie and collar we have grown accustomed to are wholly the arrangement of the artist who created them—something like the article which appeared a few months ago in one of the papers, written by a man who claimed to have visited Smithville, Mr. Stanton's old home, and, in speaking of his life there, represented him as running a little drug store, and when not "rolling out poetry, rolling pills." He also claimed that the old Washington handpress used in getting out the Smithville News was upstairs over the drug store.

"All a got up story!" says Stanton. "Manufactured out of the whole cloth! I never was in the drug business in my life, and that old handpress was carried to North Carolina by a man named Blanton. It was once when I didn't have money to get out the week's paper from that old press that I wrote Weary o' the Waitin', and sold it here in Atlanta. It's curious, the first thing I ever offered for publication was accepted, and I got pay for it. I remember it was a registered letter, in a yellow envelope, and contained a one-dollar bill. I was so proud I sat right down to write the publisher another, and I argued this way: 'If I got one dollar for that I ought to have two for this,' so I wrote across the top, 'Two dollars.' And, sure enough, they sent me two dollars. Well, I thought, I'll try them on three! So I wrote a third, and simply stated, 'I want three dollars for this!' And they sent it!

"Now, I thought again, and I laid my plans before my mother and she agreed with me, 'I'll just send them ten poems and ask three dollars apiece, and save all those stamps! I'll send them all at once and get thirty dollars!'

"So I wrote and sent them along, and they came back, too, every one of them! My mother and I cried together, and she said they just didn't know what good poetry was. My mother was a Methodist, and used each day to have me learn a psalm; that was the way I came to write poetry. Well, I took heart again. In a month I sent *one* marked three dollars, and the money came; and after waiting another few weeks I sent a second, which was accepted, and I kept that up until they had taken the whole ten and I had the thirty dollars!" The story has been told before, but it is too good not to be repeated.

Importuned for another book, Mr. Stanton says: "No, I shall wait a while; it is all there, enough for several books, on the files of the paper, and here and yonder—but I'll wait. The more a man does the less satisfied he is as he looks back on his life and thinks what he might have done."

How Burdette Missed His Chance

Mr. Robert Burdette, after having lectured for something like twenty-five continuous years, feels, he says, that both he and his audiences need a rest, and in consequence a certain Spanish house in Pasadena, California, is deserted while its owner, with his wife and sons, makes the grand tour of Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land.

A year ago London had Mr. Peter Dunne to tell it funny stories; this summer Mr. Burdette has been the only visiting American humorist, and London literary society has enjoyed to the full his crisp and quaint talk. In off moments he has swapped stories with Mark Twain at the latter's lovely country place at Masden.

Mr. Burdette proves a sympathetic critic of British institutions, finding good even in the system of handling baggage, that *bête noire* of most American tourists. In England, according to Mr. Burdette, you are forced to look after your trunk, with the result that you have it at the end. In America you are relieved of all responsibility, with the result that you may or may not have your trunk at the end of your journey. You are supposed to be satisfied because you have the check for it. Once, on a lecturing tour through the South, Mr. Burdette arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, and his trunk was lost. Holding up his brass check before his evening's audience he said:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, represents a dress suit, but I cannot cash it in." The jest pleased the audience, but when he had to use it on audiences for a week he grew tired of it and really wished the railroad company would find his trunk. Finally, Mr. Burdette went to Vicksburg, which he had not planned to visit, and there found his trunk.

A few days later, in Texas, he received a telegram from the railroad's superintendent. "Have just found your trunk in Jackson, Mississippi." To which Mr. Burdette replied promptly: "Thanks. Found it myself a week ago in Vicksburg."

Between Jacksonville and Vicksburg the lecturer had to have something to wear, so he bought himself a suit of clothes, and each day went out and secured a shirt, and so forth. But he went to ready-made clothing stores and bought only $1.50 shirts. The bill came to sixty-five dollars altogether and he presented it to the railroad company. It was only when it was paid promptly and without a murmur, says Mr. Burdette, that he realized what a fool he had been to miss the chance of getting a good outfit.

Kipling and Doyle in Africa

Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle were the two popular men of letters at the front—or rather in South Africa. Both of them were writers on warlike subjects. Then was their chance, but unfortunately neither could really avail himself of it because it involved the sometimes common duties of the regular war correspondent. Even Mr. Richard Harding Davis felt qualms about soiling his pen with routine cables and obeying foolish press censors. Obviously, Mr. Kipling could not be at the mercy of any subaltern who might mutilate his best passages.

Doctor Doyle solved the problem by joining the forces as a doctor, and in that capacity he not only worked like a Trojan but incidentally managed to see a lot of real fighting on the long march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria.

Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, could not seriously take up another profession, because he has not, like Doctor Doyle, two callings. Besides, his health would not permit him the arduous life of the veldt. He contented himself with doing what he could to cheer the wounded soldiers at Cape Town or on the hospital train, and they all adored him.

Generally he was recognized, but not always. His little figure in khaki was more reminiscent of the army chaplain than of anything else.

On the subject of writing he declared himself adamant. Editors and sub-editors buzzed around him like bees, but to all he gave the same answer—at first. For when Cronje was captured he grew restless, and when Ladysmith was relieved he became desperate.

"I shall have to come to it," he used to say. "The old Adam of the journalist is getting too strong for me."

And to relieve his feelings he would go off to the cable office and telegraph to his favorite newspapers in both hemispheres.

Then he wrote to the London Times about The Sin of Witchcraft, and, after that, descent was easy. The representative of the London Daily Mail, who had been watching him carefully for weeks, found that time and opportunity were his and got several articles for his paper, and then the Daily Express secured his services.

As far as the war went, Mr. Kipling could see very little of it. A little action at Karee was his one experience of real war, yet he will doubtless give to the world a new romantic novel, based on South Africa. And one can be sure that his descriptions will be more exact than those of any eyewitness.

By the way, he possesses a unique document. It runs as follows:

"Pass Mr. Kipling anywhere at any time," and it is signed, "Roberts."

Probably Sir Alfred Milner himself had not so wide a latitude.

Floors!!

A properly finished floor will stand almost any kind of usage.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

Gives a durable, handsome finish which will not show scratches or heel marks, will not catch dust or dirt, and is not slippery.

Our Booklet, "The Proper Treatment for Floors," free for the asking.

A FREE SAMPLE Half-pound can of Johnson's Prepared Wax, sufficient for polishing 150 square feet of floor, sent on receipt of 10 cents for postage and packing. Our catalog of beautiful hardwood floors which can be laid over your floor at about cost of a good carpet, yours on application.

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Of the right sort, it would be difficult to select one less expensive, more satisfactory or more thoroughly congenial than a

No. 3

$6.00

Others $4.00 to $8.00

Columbia Zither

"The Easy to Play"

All the more sociable because easy to get along with. The chart under the strings helps you to play the sweetest of music in a few hours. The most perfect all-law scale. Beautifully finished and very durable, the Columbia is everywhere popular.

Your music dealer should have the Columbia. If not, send price to us and we will ship, express prepaid. Send for FREE Catalogue.

The Phonoharp Co., Dept. F, 152 Liverpool St., E. Boston, Mass.

You Waste Fuel

By using an ordinary open fire. It sends three-fourths of the heat up the chimney. The

Jackson Ventilating Grate

Prevents such loss, and will heat thoroughly several rooms on one or different floors. It can be fitted into any ordinary fireplace, and burns either coal, wood or gas.

Write at once for Catalogue "12."

EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO., 30 Beekman St., New York

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SHORT LINE TO TOLEDO AND DETROIT

The Improved Shingle Stain and preservative imparts an artistic finish to shingles and prolongs their life by penetrating the pores of the wood and retarding decay.

Shingletint is made in all desirable shades, is easily applied, the colors are permanent, and money is saved by its use.

Full information and finished samples of wood mailed free for the asking.

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Uniform Temperature

ALWAYS! It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam or hot water apparatus; or whether it is new or old. All you need is the

Automatic Electric Heat Regulator

On market 10 years. As simple and no more expensive than a good clock. Sent on 30 days' Free Trial; if not satisfactory, return at our expense. Free booklet. WRITE TO-DAY.

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DON'T LEAVE YOUR KEYS

In the front door. Fasten them to the pocket or waist-band with a key chain secured by the **Improved Washburne Patent Fastener.** Slips on easily, grips like grim death, don't tear the fabric, released instantly. By mail, 25 cents. *Catalogue of other novelties free.*

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Box 98, Waterbury, Conn.

HOPPER'S CAN OPENER

Is the Best

Does Perfect Work
Easy to Operate
No Jagged Edges

Sample 25c, postpaid

Correspondence solicited by the trade. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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"QUICK" Buggy and Wagon Jack

Saves time in Carriage Barn and Wagon Shed, also in lifting heavy articles in the house. **Simple, Strong, Durable.** So compact that it can be carried in any vehicle, yet is a **Giant in Strength.** Malleable Iron and Hardwood, neatly finished. Quality warranted, price reasonable. Live agents are making big money. **Free Samples.** Easy terms. Send for free illustrated catalogue.

QUICK MFG. CO., Dept. 91, GALION, OHIO.

C. H. & D. Ry.
"Over the Monon"
FINEST TRAINS IN CENTRAL STATES

More trains than any other line between
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Fraction over 8 Hours en route

Dunlop Pneumatic Tires

For Bicycles
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Send for Booklet.

The American Dunlop Tire Co.
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TELEGRAPHY Best Trade—Quickest learned. Situations furnished in the Railway Service. Half railroad fare paid. School 25 years old. Catalogue free. Valentines' School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wisconsin.

SAVE ONE-HALF YOUR FUEL We Tell You How.

Rochester Radiator Co., 11 Furnace St., Rochester, N.Y.

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Help for the Ice Man

What makes the ice man most unhappy is the difficulty of getting his stock in trade in thick enough cakes. It is one of the obstinate facts in Nature that, when the water in a pond or lake has frozen to a depth of five or six inches, it is very reluctant to do any more freezing, even though the weather be extremely cold. Apparently, the crystal sheet acts as a blanket. Under such circumstances the water under the ice holds a large amount of latent heat, which tends to retard freezing.

Now, a Western inventor has just patented a contrivance for helping Nature in this business, and the examiners at the Patent Office at Washington are inclined to think it practicable, though they are puzzled to know whether it can be made economically useful. It is especially intended for use in northern Minnesota—a part of the country which is sprinkled with immense numbers of small lakes. From these lakes a great harvest of ice is taken every winter, but it is almost impossible to get any that is more than six inches thick. When it has reached that thickness it refuses to do any better, and the crop has to be cut in this unsatisfactory condition.

The inventor has a plan for withdrawing the water from beneath the blanket of ice, and carrying it through a wide trough over the land, thus exposing it to the cold air. While flowing it cannot readily freeze, but it gives up its latent heat. Then it is returned to the lake, beneath the ice, where it immediately freezes.

This process is kept up until the ice coat is as thick as may be desired. By an ingenious arrangement, whistles, placed at various points on the surface of the ice, give notice of the depth to which the water has frozen, these signals being set off by thermostats at different depths. A reservoir of compressed air on the bank energizes the whistles when the metal thermostats register the freezing point.

Talk Preserved by Celluloid

The final perfecting, after much travail by inventors, of the celluloid record cylinder for phonographs, has opened up entirely new fields of usefulness for the talking machine. It will soon be widely utilized for advertising purposes, thanks to this new invention—an idea much thought of hitherto, but which could not be carried out owing to the perishable character of the waxen tubes. One man, for example, wished to construct a talking crow, which would utter exclamatory remarks regarding his wares, but it was found that the record cylinder inclosed in the bird's stomach became indistinct at the end of a week or ten days. A well-known company, a few years ago, put some talking dolls on the market, and they spoke very intelligibly, but their conversational powers lasted so short a time that their manufacture was discontinued.

The celluloid cylinder is made in a very simple way. An electrotype is made of the wax record, and from this a perfect impression is taken in the celluloid. The resulting cylinder of celluloid is practicably unbreakable—a great advantage.

The customer who opens the door of a shop will thereby pull a string that actuates a phonograph, which will yell out a few suggestions as to accessible bargains. A man who operates a cigar-cutter on a tobacconist's counter will quickly discover that he has let loose a mechanical voice, which cries: "Hello! Try the Li Hung Chang five-cent cigar!" It is believed that this sort of advertising will be excellent for trade, inasmuch as, while a person may not read a sign, he cannot help hearing the howl of the phonograph.

One of the novelties in phonographs is an automatic instrument which enables a person, after dropping a nickel into a slot, to make a choice among half a dozen or more cylinders by pushing the button controlling the one he wants. In this manner one machine is made to do the duty now performed by a number. Another newly patented contrivance has a panorama attachment which shows a series of photographs as the customer gazes through an eye-hole. The story belonging to each picture is told by the talking machine in a sort of running commentary, the arrangement being such that the verbal description is given coincidently with the exhibition of each photograph.

The reproducer now in use is a tiny ball of sapphire, which is not entirely satisfactory, for the reason that, owing to its shape, it does not go down to the bottom of the record-track when the latter happens to make a sharp cut. The inventor thinks that he has found a great improvement for this in a small cylinder of sapphire, which is drawn along the track and enters the deepest parts of it, thus making a much more perfect reproduction of the sounds. In fact, the improvement is so great that a little cylinder gives as good a reproduction as has been obtainable hitherto with a big cylinder. Every one may not be aware that the records are made with a little rod of sapphire that cuts a path one two-thousandth of an inch deep.

A Hot, Little Planet

The astronomer in charge of the Harvard Observatory, at Arequipa, Peru, announces that in April last he succeeded in obtaining four photographs of the recently discovered planet Eros. This tiny orb—a veritable toy world, it might be called—is only about nine miles in diameter. One reason for the interest attaching to it is that it is the nearest to the earth, and nearest likewise to the sun, of all the minor planets. In 1894 it was only 15,000,000 miles away from us, a mere trifle of distance from an astronomical point of view, and next November it will approach within 28,000,000 miles.

There are about four hundred minor planets so far discovered, though doubtless many more, as yet unfound, exist. The first ones were located early in the present century, one of them being Vesta, which is, perhaps, the biggest of the whole lot, being about 240 miles in diameter. In area these baby sisters of the Earth may be said to equal various States of the Union, ranging from Rhode Island to some of the larger ones.

Eros, being nearest to the sun, must be warmer than any of the other minor planets—a fact that has a bearing on the possibility that it may be inhabited. The question whether these toy worlds are occupied by any forms of life is extremely interesting, though likely to remain unanswered. So slight is the gravity power of a planet nine miles in diameter that an ordinary man on Eros would be able to hurl away a half-ton stone with such velocity that it would never come back out of the realms of space. The photographs taken at Arequipa were made by Dr. Delisle Stewart.

A Light-Giving Metal

One of the most interesting problems confronting the chemist to-day is presented by the new metal, radium. As yet it has not been obtained in a pure state, and nobody has been able to find out just how near to purity the substance secured actually is. It is secured through a somewhat complicated process in combination with barium, and the stuff has the very extraordinary property of giving out light without heat—a fact discovered purely by accident.

It is thought that pure radium, if it can be got, may possibly give out enough light to be utilized as an illuminant. This would indeed be a discovery of vast importance. Light without heat is a long sought and much hoped for possibility—reasonably to be regarded as such, since there are examples of it in Nature.

Nobody knows why radium exhibits the luminosity described. Something not at all understood takes place in the substance and is productive of the light. Although there must be some loss of matter, none is apparent—just as musk will perfume a room for years without losing enough of its substance to be perceptible by the most delicate scales. But, in order that the discovery in question shall amount to anything, it is necessary first to obtain pure radium, and this is an end toward which many chemists are working.

Nine cases of baldness out of ten are caused by Dandruff, and as a result of wearing a hat.

The hat confines the air around the head until it becomes foul and impure, and how can hair live and be healthy in foul air?

Eldred's Antiseptic Hat Pad

Overcomes all this. It is a little pad about the size of a silver dollar which is placed inconspicuously in the crown of the hat.

It contains a tablet of active disinfectants and antiseptics, which are volatilized by the warmth from the head and purify and dispel the foul air which the hat collects; moreover, it sweetens the scalp, strengthens the muscles of the hair and prevents all trace of dandruff. To prove it, wear our pad 30 days—your money will be refunded if you are not satisfied.

Eldred's Antiseptic Hat Pads

Are sold by first-class hatters only, for 50 cents, and will last three months in continuous use. If your hatter does not keep them send us his name, and we will mail you a pad postpaid for 50 cents. Write for our interesting booklet, which contains endorsements from prominent physicians and others—mailed FREE.

ANTISEPTIC HAT PAD CO.
Dept. G, 853 Broadway, New York City

The Name
KREMENTZ

Stamped on the collar button guarantees its quality. Made from **one piece** there is no possibility of breakage, but in case of accident of any kind you get a new

COLLAR BUTTON

Without charge. Special shapes for ladies' shirt waists and children's dresses. *Sold by all jewelers.*

The Story of a Collar Button
Free on request.

KREMENTZ & CO.
40 Chestnut Street
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Knothe Unbreakable Leather

Stands every strain, will not stretch, cannot be torn, and used only on

***Silkolisle* Suspenders**

The neatest-looking, the longest-lived, the most economical and satisfactory suspenders made. Will outwear two of most makes. Every pair guaranteed, and will be replaced should any leather part break. **Price 50 cents** of first-class dealers, or

Knothe Bros., 122-124 5th Ave., New York

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples
WILL NOT COLLAPSE

And therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. ***Sample Free by Mail.***

WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bright Shoes. Clean Fingers

Gilbert's "Dauber Top" Polish Box

Does away with the unpleasant part of polishing shoes. Why use your fingers or a soiled cloth when the Patent Dauber, clean and handy, takes the place of both? It costs you no more than the ordinary box. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to send for it, or you can send yourself. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

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HOME STUDY FOR BUSINESS

We teach Bookkeeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Com'l Law, Letter Writing, Arithmetic, Shorthand, English & Civil Service branches thoroughly by MAIL at your own HOME. Success guaranteed. We give a useful, Money-Making Education. Salaried Situations obtained by our students. National reputation, established 40 years. It will pay you. Try it. Catalogue free. Trial lesson, 10 cents.

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Are You Deaf?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for catalogue.

WM. F. WILLIS & CO., 134 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

Elastic Ribbed

UNION SUITS

Cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. ***No buttons down the front.*** Made for men, women and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. *Made in great variety of fabrics and weights.*

Sold by Best Dealers Everywhere

The Saturday Evening Post

The Lane that Had No Turning

With the conclusion of The Eagle's Heart a new serial by Gilbert Parker will begin in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and run through six issues of the magazine. The Lane that Had No Turning takes the reader back to Pontiac, a seditious little town in Quebec, where, in the middle fifties, Louis Racine, the hunchback, and his wife, Madelinette, a famous singer, did the honors of the ancient seigniory. Racine's quarrel with a former rival, a dramatic discovery, an attempt to oust the seigniorial lord, hard riding, fierce fighting and the triumph of a self-sacrificing woman are some of the incidents of the powerful romance there enacted. This story is remarkable for its dramatic strength, fine sentiment and absorbing interest.

By Gilbert Parker

The Diary of a Freshman

Mr. Charles M. Flandrau, author of Harvard Episodes, which made such a stir among college men, contributes to autumn numbers of the magazine a series of extracts from the diary of a freshman. These witty, unconventional papers will be a genuine treat to college men, past and present.

By Charles M. Flandrau

Tales of the Banker

Hon. James H. Eckels, in these entertaining papers, gives the reader a novel inside view of the workings of those great engines of modern trade, our national banks. Mr. Eckels is not only a most trenchant writer, but his experience as Comptroller of Currency under President Cleveland, and his present position as the executive head of one of the greatest National banks in the Middle West, has admirably equipped him to write on the practical and the romantic sides of banking.

By Hon. James H. Eckels

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

A Lady Slipper

(Continued from Page 11)

Miss Emily's diplomat took one of them from the bag.

"You see dis hyeah cake," she said, holding it dangerously near Roger's nose, while his hands twitched, "you see dis hyeah cake. Well, ef you go out of a mornin' wid a bag of dese an' ef anybody can bring you a unmatched slippah befo' dey's all et up, you has luck fu' de rest o' yo' life, an' de pusson what brings de slippah gits de rest o' de cakes."

"Gets them all, Dely?" asked Roger faintly.

"All dats lef'."

"Ain't you eatin' yourself, Dely?"

"No, I ain't 'lowed to eat 'em. It'll spile de chawm."

Just then Dely let the golden cake drop in his hand. When the last crumb had disappeared he asked, "Dely, what's an unmatched slipper?"

"Why, it's one dat ain't got no mate, of cou'se. Jest a one-footed slippah."

"Oh, I can get you one."

"You! De ve'y ideeh!"

"Yes, I can, too; mamma has lots of odd ones."

"No, no," said Dely hastily, "you musn't git yo' mammy's. No 'ndeedy. Dat 'u'd spile de chawm."

"Charms are funny things, ain't they?" said the boy.

"Mighty funny, mighty funny. You nevah know whaih dey goin' to break out. But 'bout dis chawm," and she handed him another cake, "you musn't git de slippah of no lady what belongs to you, ner of no man, ner you musn't let nobody know dat you teken' it, fu' dat 'u'd break de chawm, too. De bes' way is to go in yo' brothah Nelson's room an' look erroun' right sha'p, an' mebbe you might fin' a little weenchy slippah wid ribbons er some'p'n on it, an' dat'll be de luck slippah."

"Oh," exclaimed Roger, "I know there couldn't be such a slipper in brother Nelson's room."

Dely paused dramatically and closed her bag. "Well, I got to be goin'," she said. "I mus' fin' somebody else to bring me de luck slippah."

"I'll go, Dely, I'll go," cried Roger starting; "but Dely, promise you won't let anybody else eat those cakes. It might spoil the charm."

"Well, I'll give you anothah one, jest fu' strengf," and she laughed a laugh of triumph as the boy sped away.

"I 'low ef dey's any slippah thaih he'll fin' it, 'long ez he smell dese hyeah cakes in his min'."

Dely had not long to wait for her courier. Pretty soon he came bounding toward her waving something in his hand. He was radiant.

"I found it, Dely, I found it, just as you said. It was on the bureau. Now I may have the cakes, mayn't I?"

"It's de luck slippah, thank goodness," said Dely solemnly as she eagerly clutched the missing piece of foot-wear.

"Now I may have the cakes, mayn't I?" Roger was dancing again.

"Yes, ef you'll promise you'll never, never tell," said Dely, "so's 't'll not break de chawm."

"Hope m' die, Dely."

Then she poured the cakes on the ground beside him, and, leaving him to his joy, went home laughing to her mistress.

"How *did* you get it, Dely?" asked her mistress, clasping her accusing shoe.

"Oh, I wo'ked my chawms," Dely replied.

Miss Emily was walking along the road that evening with thoughtful eyes cast on the ground. She knew that Nelson Spencer was behind her.

"What are you looking for?" he asked as he overtook her.

"A flower," she said.

"A flower! What particular one?"

"A lady-slipper."

"Aren't you a little far south for it?" His house was to the north.

"I think I have found it," she said, facing him and planting both feet firmly within sight.

Spencer looked down, and, bowing low, passed on, but she could see the flush that started in his brow, spreading from cheek to neck, and she laughed cheerily.

Nelson Spencer went home to say unrepeatable things to his valet, the butler, the housekeeper and Carrie the maid, in fact, to everybody except Roger, who was, at the time, suffering the pangs of precocious indigestion.

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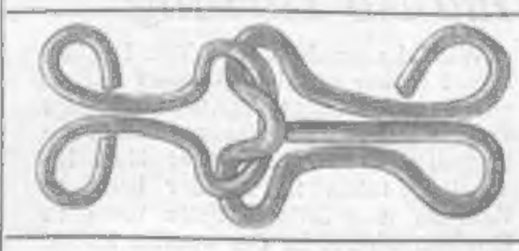

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